

THE FORUM

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POLITICAL MILITANCY

Its Cause and Cure

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I HAVE been told by my friend, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who has known me for more than twenty-five years, that I know nothing about politics, nothing about militancy and very little about the woman question at all. According to her, it is as appropriate for me to write on the cause and cure of political militancy as it would be for a sailor to argue on surgery or a physician to hold forth on painting. I am quite willing to agree with Mrs. Lawrence that the first step in knowledge is to know that we know nothing, but that surely is no reason why one should not try to grow closer to the apprehension of any truth through revealing one's limitations, and inviting others, through discussion and opposition, to enlarge our outlook and perception. I have worked at these questions for more than thirty years, but I know that does not imply that I am what Mrs. Lawrence would call "sound" on them.

I am not going to defend politics or militancy, nor to deride or belittle them. Anything is better than apathy, and, once we have ceased to be lukewarm, there is hope. However bad a thing may appear, understanding the reason for its existence must help to eliminate the worst in it. However *good* a thing may appear, there is reason for finding out its weakness lest it give the enemy occasion, not only to blaspheme, but to destroy. We want to understand the cause of the political militancy amongst women, and to keep our heads cool and our hearts warm while we are investigating.

It would be absurd for me to enter into the question as to

whether women should have the vote or not. If the vote represents equality—not likeness but equality—if the vote represents equality of men and women, and also equality of opportunity for both sexes, then every intelligent and justice-loving person can have only one answer as to whether women are to be represented in politics or not. The vote might be some soul-destroying force, to hear some people talk, instead of being a very inadequate means towards a large end. The vote will neither give redemption nor paradise to women, any more than it has to men; but it is just that if men have a vote, women also should have one, and it is significant of the trend of civilization that, if the paternal voice is heard in the State, the maternal one should be heard, too; the one without the other is inefficient, and retards the balance of progress. The static and the dynamic in politics and sex balance and counterbalance one another. We have long ago conceded that women have souls. If we are creditable enough to possess a soul, why not a vote! The whole question seems too absurd to argue over: the vote means so little, and yet, by opposition, it is made to mean so much.

Women have been trying for years to get the vote, as an expression of justice. The little and somewhat lethargic leaven of the older suffrage movements scarcely stirred the lump of parasitic women who, in their luxury or their prostitution or both, had accepted the state of things as they are, as being evidence of what they are obliged to continue to be. Luxury always deadens, as overwork deadens; so between the parasite and the slave the recognition of equal rights for men and women scarcely stirred the community at all. It was the same in the religious world. The great truths were being droned in monotonous voices. The hood-winking of conscience had fallen into a habit of Sunday precepts and week-day falsifying of the same. The spirits of religious people seemed asleep instead of being stirred to fine issues. It was the same in suffrage as religion—torpor. In the question of the suffrage, women themselves, the very advocates of suffrage, grew lethargic in their attempt to break down the traditions of men and the superstitions of women themselves on this question. The mystic nature of woman seemed, in her first political awakening, to be a barrier to any vital dealing with her own

problems in connection with those of man. A woman, physiologically and spiritually, works from within outward—a man from without inward. It is a law of nature and has to be reckoned with in dealing with these questions. The day dawned at length, however, when a section of women at last realized that justice is justice and that the vote is as much the woman's right as it is her right to drink wine or to smoke if her taste lies in these ways. It is, however, not insistent upon her to vote, to smoke or to drink if she dislikes these things. It is, however, insistent upon men and governments to give her equal *opportunity* with men to serve the public good in the same way that man thinks he is serving the commonwealth by voting for what he considers right as against what he considers wrong.

The women who saw the truth of their cause were bent on convincing other women who had never even thought about this matter at all. The process was slow and dull but distinctly worth while. The educative process of the deliverance of women from mere man-made law had begun. A little advance was made year by year, but so little that even *Punch* was not moved beyond caricature. Few daily papers ever spoke of the suffrage as it concerns women. Then suddenly, the militant suffragettes alarmed all London by a raid on the House of Commons. Now, whatever people may say or think about political militancy, we must remember the fact that, but for the W. S. P. U., the apathy of the parasitic women in our midst and the ignorance of many men would have remained just where they were till now. Jog-trot methods were suddenly eclipsed in a dramatic onslaught of the militant suffragettes. If the drama does nothing else, it generally keeps people awake. The first attack of the W. S. P. U. was efficient, almost educative, and more or less dignified. It has led to results which ought not to be minimized and cannot be ignored or derided. The awakening was terrific in importance and magnitude. It spread like an infection—this rebellion of distinguished and cultured women in our midst—this apparent outrage on womanhood itself to gain a recognition of womanhood. Many of us were stirred to our depths and ignored all the cheap talk about self-advertisement and hysteria. People can advertise themselves in more popular and less painful ways than by going

to prison; and though many of us deplore the recent tactics of the W. S. P. U., we nevertheless recognize the immense importance of the fact that the mass of women who, six years ago, had not weighed the question of parasitism among themselves or prostitution among others, are to-day struggling to solve those questions in their own homes and in the lives of others. That men are helping women in this question on the one hand, and frantically deriding them on the other, is a sign that men, as well as women, are awakening to the urgency of the situation.

The average men and women who have so severely criticised the militants have concentrated their attention more on the actions than on the motives of the militant section. This point is often overlooked. It is true that women must be educated to know really what they *do* want and why they want it, and not make a wild plea for a vote because men say they shall not have it, or because some women say they must have it. But women are educating themselves day by day in the only way education is worth while, by experimenting and organizing, and they are also slowly proving their worth by doing the work efficiently in the posts they have already won in public work. Women must not only be judged by their mistakes but by the less dramatic but more effective results in educative and municipal work, which is hastening the greater emancipation of women by leaps and bounds. Neither men nor Governments can resist persistent efficiency as an argument for the opportunity to do wider work. The educative work is proceeding more quickly than many of us realize and once women are organized, there will be no need for drastic militarism to gain their ends. Militancy, from Lucifer to the present hour, has savored somewhat of vanity, and has always had a reactionary period of loss and repentance. Force is surely not only a wrong method of gaining ends for women by women, but it is even a wrong method for advanced men to use to gain great ends for the State. When the leaders of the W. S. P. U. face this fact and have the courage to change their tactics because of a general change of front in the majority on this question, we shall have reason to believe that sanity can enter into the region of the women's political struggle.

When the militants made their first dramatic plunge, we must

remember that the majority of men and women laughed at the idea of women having votes at all, as they laughed at impossible situations in comic opera. All that is changed and tactics must alter with the new average attitude toward votes for women. Compare, for instance, the remarks made by the onlookers at the first women's procession, and the notable restraint maintained at the last. The difference is almost wholly due to the splendid organization, the educative process and the loyalty of women to each other evoked by the enthusiastic band of the W. S. P. U.

Militancy, then, as a challenge, has had its use. I say *had*, because, as an organized modern device through which intelligent women choose to insist on justice, it seems to me not only ineffectual but wasteful; wasteful in time, and in energy, and bad in a certain vindictiveness of attitude toward men and Governments. All reforms are fluid and not rigid things. What is good to-day may be bad to-morrow: what is strong to-day may be weak to-morrow. Militant methods, like all war, belong to the savage more than to the civilized. War, vindictive and brutal as it always is, is loved by the populace and dreaded by the prophet. Violence will always have its defenders in a nation which once loved bull-baiting and cock-fighting, a nation which still loves prize-fighting, gambling and hunting better than music or painting or dancing.

The arguments brought forward in defence of political militancy seem to me so often arguments *against* militancy instead of for it. The instances of men losing control either to gain a small right or to cure a big wrong are surely not for women to follow but to avoid. I have yet to be enlightened as to whether there is a precedent in history in which men leaders of a *political* movement have *organized* violence in the same way that the W. S. P. U. leaders have organized it. Spontaneous violence is one thing, autocratic and organized violence another.

I am not a political militant, but that does not prevent me from loving the courage, the forgetfulness of personal aims in the common good, the solidarity of the W. S. P. U. women and the generally heroic attitude they take toward the cause of women. My regret is that such splendid energy and such magnificent organizing power should not be used in directions which

seem more worth while. Even in the game of politics there are certain rules and the women, even the unemancipated women, must play fair. It is not playing fair to break the laws of a country or to rob peaceful citizens by destroying their property and then protest at not being allowed to starve to death or to revolt violently at life being saved by the only means available.

Lawlessness and disorder are what women wish to abolish. Why introduce new methods of old abuses? The argument that the hunger strike was to enforce the proper treatment of prisoners as political offenders is illogical. Window smashing is not a political offence any more than burglary. However honest the motive behind it, it still remains an anti-social act. The imprisonment of the Syndicalist, Tom Mann, is an example of imprisonment for a purely political offence.

The winning of the vote, imperative as it is, is surely secondary to the way it is won. The vote is only a paltry means to an end: it is not the end itself. It has been sarcastically said that when man gives woman the vote he will give it because he knows its uselessness. It is only of use because it assures a hearing in that babel of strife, bribery, corruption and commonplace we call political life. Its best use for women and perhaps its only use will be to destroy politics as they exist to-day, and introduce measures by which equality of opportunity can be the birthright of every citizen of the State, whether they are male or female. When spirituality and common sense have eliminated party greed and organized monopolies, then the vote will be useless to both man and woman. It is imperative to keep this in mind, or we are liable to get obsessed by the vote as some people are obsessed by the imaginary omnipotence of gold. The vote is imperative because it is one point in a circle of justice. It is not and never can be the circle itself. It is one of the means by which woman can at last realize herself as an entity and not as an appendage. The terrible part of the position of woman to-day is that neither her body nor her time nor her individuality actually belongs to her. Though her position is infinitely better than half a century ago, she is still handicapped from producing her perfect self or her perfect child because she is not her own. She must own herself in order to be able to give herself, either to a man or to a child or to the race.

Woman is awake and her demands will be met in spite of man and in spite of herself, for we must remember that she is as traditionalized in many ways as her comrade man. He is as absurd a slave to superstitions on the woman question as woman on the man question or the labor question. Lives are being dwarfed, brutalized, minimized and degraded for the want of united action and a realization that the Cornish motto of "One and All" is significant of the need of women and laborers. The labor question and the woman question are twins. The laborer is awake, the woman is awake and the problems of both are in many ways alike. Freedom must be gained for both, and with it, equality of opportunity.

Though lethargy, wrong tactics, and the opposition of men may retard the vote, it is certain that before very long women will have it. The claim of woman to-day should be to do the work men leave undone or do badly. It is chiefly in women's hands how long or how short a time it will be before we actually have the franchise. We can retard it for years by mistaken tactics, we can hasten it by a joining of forces with the labor movement in a determined but dignified demand for equal opportunities and equal recognition. I would not go so far as Mr. Upton Sinclair and say that the labor movement and the woman's movement should join hands in order to get their rights actually together. They must each insist on justice, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of the whole community. Men, however,—the majority of them at any rate,—are not emancipated enough to be trusted not to use women as means to get the ends for labor, and then rest content with what they have gained. Woman must first be freed as woman, as man must be freed as worker. They must be economically independent first, so that they can later be interdependent, just as every self-respecting woman to-day cannot be financially dependent on any man, not even her husband, in order that the true law of love and interdependence shall be hastened for all women.

With regard to the question of capital and labor, woman must insist on her own emancipation as a separate freedom because she means later to join forces with labor and get the true equality of the workers and the women in one. Serfdom is

doomed for both the woman and the laborer. It is only a question as to signing its death warrant in politics and the home. It is women themselves, without violence or sex hatred, who must organize and courageously carry through this terrific reformation in the lives of the individuals who, as men, women and co-workers, constitute the State.

Woman had grown so desperate just before militant methods snared her, desperate through the lethargy of man and the apathy of woman, that she violated her own nature and eventually minimized her power by adopting small means for her great end—the means of force and spite and artifice. She simply could not get a hearing, so she reverted to the methods opposed to her make-up in soul and body. She became, as a militant suffragette, an imitator of her child, instead of drawing on her maternal nature to gain her maternal ends. What was she to do? She could not get a hearing from men at all. The first onslaught of the organized militants was really a cry of exhausted patience. “We want justice—attend to us. Meekness has not sufficed. Neither arguments nor intelligent reasoning have availed, so we will scream and kick in order to gain your attention.” They certainly got attention at any rate, from every side and party. The older suffrage societies were loyal and grateful, and put prejudices aside in a wholehearted way and acclaimed the younger and more ferocious of their sisters in their attempts to be heard.

Now the more orderly and matronly sections of the suffrage societies are nonplussed. They not only declare that two wrongs cannot make a right, but they are beginning to wonder what is the right when so many conflicting voices are raised and serenity about this subject seems impossible. Surely, what we women have to face is this, that any action which is fundamentally off the lines of its true and ultimate purpose (for it is surely not the ultimate hope of even militant women to bring this warring spirit to stay, either in politics or domesticity), any action, I say, which is *fundamentally* off the lines of the ultimate intention and purpose woman has in view, weakens her cause and hinders emancipation. The methods which were allowable for awakening the dead are out of date at the actual moment of resurrection.

Let us recall for a moment the first organization of the Sal-

vation Army. In many points this militant movement in politics is similar to the first onslaught of General Booth upon conventional religion. The drum and fife of the Salvation Army woke many a lass and lad to the wonders of their own spiritual heritage. It made the public think; it aroused criticism. It was clever enough to appeal to the average in human nature, to the love of noise, to the inherent cry of the leader to lead and the followers to follow. Its autocracy, its definiteness, its dogma, its hero-worship and its capacity for collecting huge sums of money to save the lost were similar to this woman's movement in politics. It was vital and dramatic and made use of the need for sacrifice and martyrdom which is in the make-up of us all, and it used the apparently waste material which came to its hand, and made it a usable product for the good of the community. It appealed alike to palaces, slums and brothels, because it had a fundamental truth to deliver—the truth that no single creature is beyond redemption. At first its discordant and purposely vulgar cry to the slums agitated gentility and culture. Gentility and culture are easily shocked at a vigorous protest of any kind. Armchair sophistries and kid glove tactics, however, are quite as open to criticism as violence and vulgarity. I remember well how the Salvationists cried in the streets in the first years of their propaganda: "Why give tenpence a pound for lamb when you can get the Lamb of God for nothing?" It jarred terribly, just as militant tactics jarred; but the cry caught many a slum lad and lass, as militant tactics have taught many a half evolved man and woman to think out the woman question for themselves. When, however, the serious work of the Salvation Army came on, a process of education came with it, and less and less emphasis was put upon the original methods, which were practically methods of advertisement.

Window smashing and such tactics have become as revolting to the general public to-day as that Lamb of God plea in the militant religious movement. The jar comes in, in both cases, because religion and womanhood are intimate and wonderful things and cannot be ultimately connected with vulgarity or rowdyism. That we understand why militancy had its day is the very reason why we know that it must cease to be. Just because it was tried

as a tactic of war for great ends is the very reason it must be renounced when the great end is at closer range. The latter day methods of the militants are unworthy of their great organization and of their brilliantly clever women. To persist in them now is a suicidal policy. The hour has surely struck for mightier deeds than these. No great movement, like this woman's movement, can afford to waste time and energy on either petty ambitions (for in *this* sense it does not matter by which society the vote is won) or on petty actions or antiquated and rowdy methods. If men have done these things, and if men are still doing them in a spirit of hatred to the women who are claiming their freedom, then this is an added proof that we must go on other lines and forsake these limited means to a huge end. That the militants have, in their excellent organization and with their able reckoning with average human nature at its weakest and at its strongest, built up a policy of pugilistic politics, no one can deny. But pugilistic politics have not come to stay. The vitality behind this new manifestation of the suffrage question, however, the heroism, not affected but real, which counts prison and even death little and justice much, has come to stay and is every day drawing into the suffrage movement those women who hate militant tactics, but who love bravery. The reviving thing about these militants is the way they are approaching a solidarity unknown among women in the same degree before now. This and the prison reforms they have consciously and unconsciously introduced ought to reconcile the fastidious for the little loss sustained by their eccentric methods of trying to gain a hearing. It is a very significant fact, this solidarity of women, and is a militancy of the true order, as the solidarity of women and men is beyond all need of militancy. This is the *fact* to be emphasized about these fighting women, rather than the temporary aberration of window smashing. For let us be brave and declare it is an aberration as war itself is an aberration. War is antiquated and ridiculous in the light of modern religious and ethical feeling, and militancy of the window smashing order is not only farcical but a waste of precious time and energy. Whatever else we women lose in this great contest, we must not lose our sense of humor. It is a gift of the gods, and saves more situations than guns and padlocks.

The suffrage has become an obsession to some of our strongest women, as it has become a fashionable fad to some of the weakest. The balanced woman neither hastes nor rests, but avails herself of all the material at hand, and there is a great deal of hitherto unused material which can be utilized by the militant and non-militant women alike.

We all know that revolution, though by no means an ideal way of reconstructing society, is sometimes the easiest of all methods to bring about destruction. Its ineffectuality is proved by the fact that it more often than not leads to reaction. France had its reaction in Napoleon. The tyranny was merely diverted, not destroyed. Revolution is better than apathy, but wanton destruction wastes time. What we must aim at is construction. When it is time for the apple-blossom to disappear, there is promise of the fruit. A wild beating of the tree to hasten the fruit merely kills it. That is the method of tomboys and unintelligent politicians, and is as stupid as an opposite method would be of trying to delay the fruit till midwinter by obstructing light and rain. To haste is as disastrous as to rest in these matters.

Woman should be, by spiritual and physiological laws, a constructive agent in the world's work. She is a maternal force. As this is even conventionally granted to be her legitimate sphere in the home, then why not in the State? It is not a matter of actually bearing children. The women who have children of their own are often less truly maternal than those who are not mothers in the accepted meaning of the word. In the future we have to give the maternal force full play, for we are badly in need of a new home and a new State. The stuffy, ugly and limited habitations we call homes are ceasing to appeal to the modern woman. The slave in the drawing-room is disappearing and the slave in the kitchen has practically disappeared already. Home in the future will neither be a doll's house nor a cage to a woman. It will mean neither the drudgery nor idleness of the past, nor the unorganized restless muddle of the present. Woman being maternal has the feeling of home in her very make-up. Being maternal she has to educate herself into a larger maternity than she has ever realized, the maternity which makes her resolve that every son and daughter of the State shall ultimately be as well

equipped as the son and daughter she cherishes within her four tiny walls. This is surely the underlying feeling in woman's need of the vote, the need to use her maternal powers in the State as well as in the home, the need to emphasize motherhood in the laws as well as fatherhood.

The maternal element in woman is almost beyond finding out, and so she is often called a mystic. So she is, and it is this mystical maternity within her that will gain her not only the vote but those stronger and more beautiful things which no vote can give.

The first thing it will do will be to give her to herself, a self never realized in her as yet, either as a savage, a domestic drudge, a mere breeder or as a politician. It is just this self she must always reckon with even during her frenzy to get the vote. The vote to her should be an *enlargement* of her maternal feeling and not a limitation of it. It may naturally be said: "Oh! yes! this is all talk and theory. It is how the old suffrage women argued. What is to be done now? What is this constructive policy?"

Surely the first thing women have to do is to realize that they are maternal and that maternity is no limitation of work, but the biggest means toward the greatest work. It is the redemption from slavery of all the human family.

In woman's struggle to get the vote she must never lose sight of the fact that, though she is man's equal,—possibly his superior in some things, as he is hers in others,—she is ruling her nursery, and must steer clear of anything approaching sex hatred. This is trite advice; but it is very essential. Anything approaching sex hatred is retrogression, is ludicrous. The worst men are our babies, the best our lovers and comrades. They are as much to be pitied in monopolizing affairs of state as we are to be pitied when limited laws either dwarf our usefulness or crush us to hell. We must always bear in mind that man is as far from his true kingdom of manhood as woman is from her true kingdom of womanhood. In all this struggle for the vote, nothing is so evident as this fact.

We must, then, keep our love of men as a mother keeps her love of her children, and never in speech or action depart from this maternal spirit. Sex hatred is quite as illogical as maternal

hatred. It is *with* men and not against them that the battle has to be fought and won. That men have done and are still doing insanely cruel and stupid things to women is true. The spirit is the enlargement of the birdnesting, hunting, shooting and caging spirit. The mother does not hate her son for this—she knows he will grow out of it as she has outgrown her doll. But though she does not hate him, she protects herself against his primitive instincts, and she protects not only herself but others from them through organization and also the limitation of his opportunities for irresponsible outbursts. The very love woman has for man must be her spur to defend herself and others from his ignorance and his gluttony. By gluttony, I mean man's possession of woman for his own ends. She must protect herself just as man must protect himself as a means of livelihood by women.

The saner war, if it still must be war, may consist in the breaking of hearts as mothers break their hearts, rather than in the smashing of windows. Woman must free herself from her present limitations, free herself for her three-fold maternal unfolding, an unfolding toward her lover, her child and the State. She must use every legitimate chance that comes to emancipate herself in order that she can free others. In these days it behooves women to cultivate every charm they possess, to dress well, to be well, and to be happy and desirable in the fullest and finest sense, in order that the rusty gates of prejudice should open and the prison doors be unlocked. Woman must be quick to use the chances which are hers in order to gain others which are not as yet hers. Her object should be to become a maternal stateswoman. Let her prove her capacity for this in even seemingly insignificant ways. Let her prove to the world that she knows what she is about. Every detail is significant, every honorable device worth while. Let her use all the votes she already has on municipal councils, let her home be the home of a capable citizen and not the home of a doll or a slut or a slave driver. Let her be as capable at making a pudding as at laying down the laws for the perfection of other people's lives, let her study eugenics and the wonderful art of living, and let her voice not be heard so much in the streets as in the every day matters she can and must organize. The little things really count the most in bringing a

final day of reckoning. For instance, if every woman who has studied the lives of sweaters bought at no shop underpaying its workers, and if she refused as far as she knew to use in her home goods produced by sweated industries, think how, in a few years, that would divert trade from the sweated and congested corners of commercial life and bring fair play trade into the open. These are *constructive* tactics. They are the tactics of a Felix Holt in the mouth of a George Eliot. "Well," said Felix, in answer to the favorite remark on this matter that if one does not do a certain thing, another will, "well, if some men must be thieves and liars—they may, *I won't!*"

After all, if we think of it, it is only cowardice and apathy which retard the millennium. In proportion as each one of us refuses to be a coward or an idler do we advance or retard the true civilization when man and woman can work together as free citizens. While, as maternal citizens, we women are trying to get our voice heard about the questions which chiefly concern us as women,—wage-earning and prostitution,—let us see to it that as individuals we are neither parasites nor sweaters. If we are keen for martyrdom, there is plenty of it to hand if we refuse to be kept by men or to sweat women. A sane boycott is a dignified attitude. It is easier to break windows and go to prison than to divide a house against itself by conscientious and determined action on what is right and true, whether we get the vote or not. The true emancipator is not a Jesuit, declaring a given end will justify any means. No end justifies some means, but some means, however apparently trivial, will surely in the long run insure a given end. The truly maternal woman sees beyond politics. She sees a day ahead when even if politics allowed sweated labor, war, the white slave traffic, monopolized corners in capitalized industries, there would not be men and women enough to avail themselves of the base opportunities given. For that day to come, every woman who sees must act according to the light within her, and the opportunity afforded her from outside. While she is busy smashing windows she may be neglecting her real chance, and real chances rarely offer twice. Woman must cease to be either a parasite or a slave and become economically free. To be economically free is to be rid of the *necessity* to be

a prostitute or a parasite. There are some who are parasites or prostitutes from choice and only education and eugenic ideals can alter in several generations these inborn traits. It is well for us to bear in mind that every woman who is kept by a man, whether in marriage or out, is either a parasite or a prostitute. The legality or illegality of the situation does not affect the fact. Woman can never be free and no vote can make her free till she is economically independent of man, first as a protest and then as a defence. The true protest of the moment is for every woman to refuse to be dependent on man till she is recognized as an equal citizen with him. Love can take or give anything, but in order to get love free, so that it can give and take righteously, woman must refuse to sell herself, even in love. We want to get rid of the very name dependence in this relationship, in order to get to the true interdependence. While a woman has to go to a man and ask for money, whether for dress or food, she is dependent. She is in the position of a slave or a parasite, and no love, however great, can exonerate her from aiding in the general implication that woman is not her own—that she is bought with a price. *She must neither be bought nor sold.* She must belong only to herself, in order that she can give or withhold herself as she will. Surely this is a matter more worth while doing than to go to prison for breaking windows. It is a greater sacrifice, too, for it may break hearts instead of windows; but the maternal woman, like the Spartan woman, would rather her children should die than that they should not be free and noble.

You will, perhaps, say that this is all slow and vague and that women want the vote first and independence through it. True economic independence for woman depends less on the vote than on education and immediate experiment on sound lines. All educational reform is slow, but it is sure, and the time is ripe for it and for immediate heroism on the lines which education and true morality suggest. Behind all the vague and dogmatic things women are doing now is the longing to do the right thing and at once. The right thing is a constructive thing. In order to effect a constructive reform every individual woman can do certain definite things to-day—now. It is imperative on each one of us in our different spheres to set our own and the State house in better

order. As all people like definite statements, I will name a few things women can do.

Women can, first and foremost, refuse to be dependent on any man. If this implies hard labor, well, what then? Freedom has never been won without it in one form or another.

Woman can, again, refuse to add to the sweating horror by buying where she knows there is no underpaying, and refusing to deal where grossly sweated goods are sold.

She can keep her own house in order by habitually organizing it as if she were already bound there by the laws she wants her vote to introduce.

She can, by persistent habit, and this needs particular emphasis, refrain from even a suspicion of mean trickery or wheedling in love affairs, in clubs or in business. Women are still traditionalized in these matters. If they want the privileges of an equal sexual equality with men, they must at least play the game as men play it.

There is one very important thing woman can do at the present crisis. She can make herself more desirable and more charming and more capable than ever before, in order not to lure men and sell or even give herself to him, but to refuse herself to any man till she has educated him, through her maternal wisdom, into the ways of health, cleanliness and justice. All this need not hinder her in her sane boycott as a tax resister or a capable organizer of a better social world which no vote alone can give her. The vote can only aid her to enter the vestibule of her real kingdom, and that is the one reason it is worth getting.

With these considerations I have suggested in her mind, woman can also educate herself, while getting the vote, to estimate its uselessness in the face of spiritual truth and her own maternal insight.

This may possibly sound like rebellion. Of course, it is rebellion, but neither of the strident nor armchair order. It needs intelligence, control, drudgery, patience and no concession. It is the rebellion of the maternal woman who wants to save, not only herself, but all her children.

THE NEW FEAR

M. P. WILLCOCKS

ON a certain Monday in Whit-week the staircase of the Musée de Picardie at Amiens was crowded with peasants standing at gaze before the painting by Puvis de Chavannes called the *Ludus Pro Patria*. There in front of them, meandering through a vast table-land of woods and fields, flowed a slow, tree-mirroring river of Picardy. On the banks of it were the folks at holiday, the young men throwing darts, the women preparing the feast. Not far away, in the *Ave Picardie Nutrix*, was net-weaving and apple-gathering; spinning and sheep-herding; the building of a bridge and the crushing of the grain; women bathing and a woman nursing her child: an allegory, not only of the pleasant poplar-land, but of toil and rest, sowing and harvesting, age and death, a shadow-picture of the passing of the gods of the earth.

But the subjects of the paintings, those whose toil had been the inspiration of them, stood in absolute silence, expressing neither surprise nor wonder. Quietly they stood and quietly they went away. And what they thought nobody knew but themselves. Probably they had no distinct thought at all, but a vague sense of familiarity tempered by unreality. For what the peasants saw in front of them was the spirit of beauty distilled from toil. But toil produces warped muscles, stunted frames, pallid or heavy bodies, slow-moving minds. And these facts they vaguely knew, though they could not follow the mystic change by which the familiar processes of labor had been transmuted. They were, in fact, looking at one of the latest expressions of that older world of art which lived to distil beauty from the present and to suggest it from the past. They were not only facing a sublimation of actual sowing and harvesting, building and fishing, but all the glamour that dreamers in the past, from Theocritus downwards, have thrown over the primitive task of earth-culture. And to the peasants this trailing glory of romance was simply non-existent. They were not afraid, for they were blind, though possibly rather puzzled.

Equally blind, equally puzzled, are probably most of the people in the crowds that gather round the Post-Impressionist pictures in front of Matisse and Cézanne, of Picasso and the rest. Nor are they at all afraid; yet what they regard so gaily, is, after all, when reduced to its essentials, a recoil in the face of fear, of that new fear which is directed against the things we have ourselves made. Post-Impressionism in painting, like Impressionism in sculpture, is neither health nor disease, but a symptom of a new mental condition found not only in art but in political and social life as well.

The first thing the Post-Impressionist throws overboard is suggestion, romance, that in fact by which the work of Puvis de Chavannes and of all older artists was inspired. The art of yesterday lived but to awake echoes in richly stored minds: the art of to-day, whether in Rodin's *Last Appeal*, in Matisse's *Capucins* or in John Masefield's *Widow in the Bye Street*, is made to appeal to the savage, the child, the Martian, to minds that have no background of æsthetic ideals held in common. It is a rebound in the face of achievement that we witness, not only in Post-Impressionism, but in many tendencies of the popular will to-day.

For the truth is that we are overweighted, overawed, reduced to timidity of initiative as long as we turn our eyes backwards toward the supreme expressions of early art. In painting, poetry and sculpture there always loom before our memories the awful haunting shadows of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Homer, Æschylus and Phidias; of Italian and Spanish schools; of Dutch, Miltonic and Shakespearian incarnations of beauty. We petty men walk under the huge legs of these things done superlatively well and done for all time, as we count time on this planet. Who for instance ever tried to paint the mystery of woman without seeing the mocking smile of the Mona Lisa before his inner eye? The trumpet notes of the hymn to beauty have rung once and for all; we can only echo it in ever fainter and fainter tones. And that is but a sorrowful task.

There is nothing for it but to start again; to make for the leaping-off place once more, this time with an entirely different objective before us. And the leaping-off place is the child's, the

savage's, absorption in life, movement, color-play, in sensation devoid of memory, either bitter or sweet. We return to the primitive reindeer scratchings: we will create a new world, not paint once more for the millionth time an illusory picture of an old, a very well-known one. As music hangs by the side of the actual an orb of creative sound, so the Post-Impressionists would hang by it a visual orb of color, a vibrating microcosm of the universe; an orb of human making hanging by the divine orb. Whereby, indeed, by comparison we may, as a cynic would observe, learn the immensely superior workmanship of the divine artificer!

All this means a new objective: back once more at the starting point, moving by instinct, not intellect, the painter becomes aware that the zest of life, which is art's pre-occupation, is by no means always concerned with beauty. The life, the vitality of our emotions is often a matter of terror, pain, squalor, agony and effort. The old academic ideal of reducing every sensation to one of beauty is gone for ever. The vibration of life itself is the new ideal where once only the vibration of beauty was sought. So, turning at bay in face of the new fear, we have learnt a fresh courage. We find that, after all, we have much to say, much that burns to be said, though in these things that we wish to say, only to the eye of the mystic, such as old Rodin, would it seem true that "there is no ugliness." We work only by the senses now, seeking, savage-like, the rage and vitality of the vibrations that make no world of beauty as the Academy of Art would see it, but a world none the less. We go back to the leaping-off place, the new start, and there Homeric epic drives us from the gods to *The Man with the Hoe*; from *Lear* we fly to *Hindle Wakes*; from the majesty of movement in the *Winged Victory* to the straining muscles of Rodin's *Last Appeal*; from the sun-shot landscape of Turner to the leaden seas of Bogaevsky; from the Madonna to the fragment that passion tosses aside on the scrap-heap, Rodin's *Old Hag*. We are passing from the high adventure of loveliness to the no less lofty adventure of pain. We are dealing with the other side of the shield.

And wound round these primordial things are dreams, the

primitive dreams of a child's vision of creation. Here the Russian surpasses all his European compeers, as the Chinese landscape painter surpasses the European in the suggestion of bizarre creation, a mockery of the divine as seen by the pygmy. The Russian is nearer to the savage, perhaps, than is the Englishman or the Frenchman, nearer to the true start. The Russian is in fact the primitive dreamer, and where the other European schools get back to the bones of savage sensation, the Russian has no need to fuss about bones, for the very blood of the thing is in him. He is, in these childlike matters, no anatomist, but a living, breathing man. Matisse's *Danseuses*, for instance, are such shapes as prehistoric man might have created in nightmare, their trailing feet an ancestral memory of the slime beasts of the primitive ocean. The drawing is right enough. But Roerich's *Night*, his *Priests of Beyond*, are the haunting instincts of a child's night terrors; Roerich's blue lights the original primitive, mind-stuff of fear itself. And the *Rex* of Chourlianis, its mystic central fire, its casting down of golden crowns, its glassy sea, is but a split in the curtain of a child's creative awe. The Russian Post-Impressionist is at once a prophecy and an explanation.

As far as art is concerned, out of fear has come the possibility, at any rate, of new mastery; for illusion we have creation; for beauty, the infinite vibrations of many-colored life. And if these things are not yet, they are at least potentially involved in the new impetus which is everywhere seeking a vent.

In politics and science the way is not so clear. Yet in those regions fear rules even more unmistakably. For men change the fashion of their fears as they change the cut of their garments. Once it was the animals, the wind and the sea that we feared. Now we harness the winds and outwit the trickery of the sea with a steam kettle. Nor is any affinity dearer to us than that of the animals whose love we have conquered in the long ages during which we were breaking the horse to the plough, teaching the dog to know the look in a human eye, or inducing the cat to bow her head in the kindly worship of the hearth. Of these things we have no fear; nor of the simpler creatures yet untamed that yield to a Martini-Henry rifle.

It is not the anti-human things outside us that we dread

nowadays, neither beast, nor storm wind, nor electric current; it is the Frankenstein of our own manufacture, a being before whose infinite unknown possibilities we stand aghast. From the art of beauty which does so obsess us, we can escape to a new creative world; but where is the power that will save us from the machine that enslaves where it was meant to free? How shall we escape the awful possibilities of our evolving scientific powers, from aerial warfare, from the tyranny of the anti-toxin, from the hypnotic gift that reads even the mind of the atom, from telepathic and clairvoyant powers from which no secrets are hid, and finally from the potentialities of creation which would follow on any discovery of the secret of life? As it is, we are already afraid of the race that we may make. And the great expression of that fear is the presence in our midst of those croaking prophets of evil, the Eugenists, who cry not "Corpse, corpse," like the raven, but a far more awful note, which is "Babe, babe."

But even these premonitions pale before the portents of the social engine we have created, only half consciously. No politician is likely now to underestimate the importance of international labor. The strangest feature of that is the rapidity of its movement. A mushroom growth no older than the beginning of the nineteenth century, it possesses for man the terror he always associates, since primitive jungle days, with that which is sinuous and swift-moving, a creature snaky yet panther-like. Trade-Unionism, Socialism, Syndicalism; will they re-make civilization, either by Anarchy or by the slow incalculable processes of growth? With dread we wait the answer. But if labor will deal with the frontiers of nations, will not the monstrous regimen of awakening woman reorganize the very fabric of the social structure itself? For ultimately the economic independence of woman, now no more than a cloud like a man's hand in the sky of Feminism, will overshadow all other questions. And the real economic independence of woman will mean not only a new basis of industrialism, but a fresh setting on the loom of life of that out of which the race is built—the relationship between man, woman and child.

Truly, we are not only Fear-driven, we are Hag-ridden. And Art, Science, Labor and Woman, these make our Frankenstein.

THE AGE OF CONSENT AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

“**T**IS not good that children should know any wickedness,” says Shakespeare. The general sentiment of mankind seems to be that children should at least be protected against the worst results of the wickedness of adults, yet the history of the “Age of Consent” legislation is one of sacrifice of child life to the legal protection and to the greed and lust of grown men. If we accept the custom of many nations to call those “infants” who are under seven years, we shall find that such infants have long been protected against the worst form of violent abuse. Children, however, those between seven and fourteen years, have but tardily received legal protection against debauchment; and youth, or “young persons,” between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to eighteen, have only recently been held as proper subjects for legal guardianship against the exploitation of vice and crime.

The age of consent is that period below which no girl can legally consent to “carnal relations with the other sex.” The crimes of rape, seduction, abduction for immoral purposes, and “procuring” for houses of ill-fame, have direct relationship to this age of consent; and for the reason that men committing these crimes are liable to heavy penalties, ranging in the various States from three months’ imprisonment to a life term, and to fine from a few hundred to several thousands of dollars. It is therefore highly important for men and women engaged in any form of criminality connected with the debauchment of young girls to have the age of consent so low that the plea of voluntary assent by the child or young person to that debauchment may take the male offender out of the category of these criminal charges and place him in the company of mere misdemeanants, to be punished very lightly, if at all. Immoral men, engaged in voluntary dealing with immoral women who know what they are doing and choose that relationship, are practically exempt from all statutory penalties. Hence, the interest of bad men and women is to keep the age of consent low and thus to lessen

the legal dangers of managing houses of vice, even when securing mere children as inmates for such houses.

In so far as prostitution is a business, it requires many fresh articles of merchandise each year. Since the average length of service in this business is shown by many testimonies to be between four and seven years, the supply must constantly be renewed, if the numbers are to be kept up. This fact, added to the demand for young and attractive women, leads inevitably to the exploitation of girl-children in the effort to meet the demand.

An inquiry conducted in 1858 in New York showed that among several thousand prostitutes, three-eighths of the number were between fifteen and twenty years of age, seven out of every eight were under thirty years of age, and one-fourth died each year. That inquiry is matched by later investigations all showing the same high ratio of the very young, the same high rate of mortality, and the same necessary recruiting of the ranks each year from among children and very young girls.

In a Lock Hospital at Edinburgh in which only prostitutes are treated, out of one thousand patients, six hundred and sixty-two were between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and only twenty-eight were over thirty years of age. This does not mean that all prostitutes die after a short period of immorality. Many, it is thought by good judges of wide experience, marry or take up other means of support, and are absorbed in the general life of the respectable classes. That a large majority do die prematurely is, however, a well-known fact. Mr. Tait, the distinguished surgeon, declares that in his opinion not one in eleven survives twenty-five years of age, and the average age of beginning the life is fifteen to twenty years; the average duration five years; and the largest number of deaths due to the conditions of the life occur between the ages of twenty to twenty-five years. In a Metropolitan workhouse in England a careful accounting of girls sent out to domestic service at fourteen years of age, shows that they come back in large numbers before they are twenty, corrupted and diseased.

A recent careful investigation in a western city showed that although an ordinance, strictly enforced, prohibited girls under

seventeen from being inmates of houses of prostitution, large numbers of the inmates of these houses had their apprenticeship to vice between the ages of ten and twenty years, when many of them "left home." The age of fifteen years shows a large proportion, the age of sixteen years larger, and seventeen and eighteen mark the climax, as they then enter the regular houses, after their career upon the street and in rooming-houses. The over-ruling majority of these girls were "coaxed" into the life by systematic approaches of those interested in securing them for the business.

This youth of the prostitute class has a direct relationship to the age of consent. If every man who debauched a child under fourteen or a young woman under eighteen were liable to punishment for rape, seduction, or procuring for immoral purposes, there would be more care taken to avoid such heavy penalties as these crimes entail. If, on the contrary, no child over seven years or ten years or twelve years is protected against the legal inference that she has consented to her own ruin, the number of men and women following the business of prostitution who are in any real danger of severe penalties is very small. This is the chief reason why every attempt to raise the age of consent has met with determined opposition, and why even fairly respectable men who frequent houses of prostitution have stood shoulder to shoulder with men and women who manage those houses, in expressing fear of "blackmail" and of all sorts of scandals, if little girls were to be legally prevented from consenting to their own debauchment. If the presence in a house of vice of children under fourteen and of young persons under eighteen were to be taken as proof that some one had been guilty of despoiling them before they had reached the age of full moral responsibility, then both the keepers and the patrons of vicious houses would be in serious danger. Hence the bitter opposition which has been encountered in every State of this Union, and in every country of the world, by those endeavoring to raise that age of consent from the period of childhood to full maturity.

This is the real significance of a low age of consent, that it makes possible an easy supply of material for vicious indulgence.

The fact that many children of tender years are debauched in mind and sometimes in body, and can be won to "consent" to acts, the consequence of which they cannot know in advance, is no mitigation of the indictment of humanity, that such a low age of consent implies; it rather magnifies the guilt of society, and increases the social crime of such neglect. Especially is this true when taken in connection with the fact that there have been, and now are, organized societies for the express purpose of debauching little girls to fit them for such "voluntary consent" to the life of prostitution; and that many men and women carry on a trade of enticing children by pennies and picture cards to acts, the consequences of which inevitably fit them for the acceptance of vile proposals and the life of shame.

Up to the year 1824 Paris registered little girls as young as ten years of age as "voluntarily consenting" to legal and licensed prostitution; and in all countries where public registration and so-called "sanitary control" are in use, the number of minors in licensed houses is large. That in such licensed systems there is sometimes found a requirement that the parents or guardians shall consent as well as the child is but adding infamy to infamy, a private shame of parenthood to a public shame of permitted evil.

The latest law in Berlin requires that the "antecedents of minors shall demonstrate that they have already become devoted to prostitution before they can be registered; that is, if they are native girls; "for foreigners who are minors it shall suffice to produce the passport or an official proof that they are addicted to prostitution." This provision introduces a third social crime, common in all countries, namely, the exploitation of the stranger child whose parents and guardians are far away, and whose enforced entrance into a life of vice cannot be easily proved. Where, as in Germany, the military spirit is strong, and the supposed need for a large class of young and healthy prostitutes is in consequence greatly increased, both in legal theory and police practice, there is "great freedom given to register women and girls against their will for the supply of the licensed houses." "Lack of means of support, and the presence of venereal disease" are taken as proof that the girl should be registered on

the books. This means her utter removal from decent society, and also placing her in the power of the worst elements of society and of the most corrupt officials of the State.

In Italy a certificate of birth is required from those who would "of their own free will register as licensed prostitutes," and "no minors under sixteen years may be enrolled." Thus even the State regulation of vice is now moving toward a longer period of protection for the girl-child.

The historic movement for raising the age of consent, however, has two sides; one turned toward prostitution. It is often forgotten that the ages which produced laws giving little children of seven years of age the power to consent to carnal relations with the other sex, also maintained by legal statutes the power of the father to give or sell his child in marriage. The slow development of the institution of marriage as a contract, has progressively given young girls and women the power to refuse to marry whom they would not, and to marry whom they would, even in spite of parental wish. But child marriages have lingered long as an expression of the sense of ownership of children by their parents.

The sale of women and girls in marriage was checked in the Teutonic line about the tenth century, when forms of contract gave women much power of choice. Yet, as a matter of fact, the old English laws speak of "buying a maid," and in Germany the phrase "to buy a wife" was a common one throughout the Middle Ages. In the second stage of wife-sale the "bride-price" was paid to the woman, and although usable by the husband, must be preserved intact as a dower for the widow. In this form of nuptial bargain, the "price of her maidhood" must be paid by law to the "daughter whom her father has sold into servitude if the son of her master cohabits with her," and "raiment also must be given her" as though she were a bride. And although a "valid marriage might arise in abduction," through subsequent payment of a fine, the custom of the eleventh and of the succeeding centuries was increasingly to give the freedom of choice to women in marriage. Canute forbade the marriage of a maiden against her will in these words, "and let no one compel either woman or maiden to whom she herself mis-

likes nor for money sell her"; and similar provisions were in Gothic and Lombard laws.

In the sixteenth century the Protestant ideal of civil marriage invaded the control of the Church over wedlock, but was not consistently administered, and there was much confusion in consequence, especially among the common people of small means.

In the "Early English Text Society," edited by Furnivall in 1897, we find from depositions taken in the Bishop's Court of the Diocese of Chester in 1561-66, amazing accounts of the marriages of children. The age of persons described as "married" and seeking either "confirmation" or "voidance of the contract" made for them as children, ranges from two to thirteen years. The cause in almost every case was a mercenary one, a money bargain being its basis on the part of the parents. The father of a boy of two gets from an older girl's father "money to bie a pece of land," and executes a bond "to pay the money back if his boy doesn't marry the girl." Children being infants-in-law until the age of seven, "spousals during infancy were declared void by the law." But spousals contracted between infancy and the "ripe years of twelve or fourteen" were only legally "voidable" when either of the parties desired, and expressed in court a desire for, such action. Either party, however, could cancel the contract made for them, sometimes by merely marrying some one else; and on the other hand child marriages could be ratified by simply living together as husband and wife when the possible age was reached.

By the Marriage Act of Cromwell's Parliament, the consent of parents to the marriage of any person under twenty-one was required, but the parties to the marriage contract were in all other matters held solely responsible for their act. By this same Marriage Act the Commonwealth, it has been said, "interfered in a manner hitherto unknown, for the protection of women from those forcible abductions and marriages" which had been common. The Tudor legislation had, however, previously declared that "if one take away a woman against her will whether she be maid, wife or widow, and marry her or cause her to be married or deflowered, or in any way aid or abet the same he shall be guilty of felony"; and the laws of Philip and Mary made

"the abduction of a maid under sixteen punishable by two years' imprisonment or a fine to be fixed by the Star Chamber, and the taking away and marrying or deflowering any woman-child under that age punishable with imprisonment of five years or fine as in the first case." These laws, however, were a dead letter for the most part, and the common theme of plays and fiction writing was the abduction of a girl, usually one of the lower class, the hero of the narrative being always the successful abductor.

The famous and infamous Fleet marriages, which were a travesty alike upon religious and civil ceremonies, were sought very often as a means of avoiding the necessity of obtaining the consent of parents for the marriage of girls under the legal age of marriage choice. Young girls were frequently abducted and carried before some rascally member of the clergy in the Fleet Prison, and forcibly married, to be consigned thereafter to any life their abductors might choose. In these enforced marriages the girl victim was often an heiress desired for her money.

As late as 1790 a brother of the Duke of Argyle caused to be abducted a woman whom he fancied, and married her against her will. By the middle of the eighteenth century the abuses were so great that radical reform was instigated, and one of the most important elements in that reform was a stringent rule against the abduction and forcible marriage of young girls, and against all legalizing of marriages between boys under twenty-one and girls under eighteen without the consent of the parents. "How often," said the then Attorney-General when advocating these new measures, "have we known a rich heiress carried off by a man of low birth or perhaps by an infamous sharper?" He does not speak of the greater evils endured by the girls of low birth who were misused by "dashing young bloods" of the higher classes! One writer, during the debate as to the legal prohibition of the marriage of minors without the parents' consent, spoke of the "inalienable right to marriage as the proper remedy for unchastity."

The law of 1753, however, which aimed at the remedy of so many abuses, was intolerant in its action toward Dissenters and those who could not conscientiously use the marriage ritual of the Church. Not until the Civil Marriage Act of 1836 were

the rights of all religionists to choose the ceremony of marriage allowed. The influence however of all the changing statutes among English-speaking peoples has been steadily toward making it more difficult for women and girls to be married against their will, more difficult for minors to form matrimonial alliances without the consent of their parents, and in general, to make the legal union of the sexes more and more a matter of definite formal choice between men and women of sufficient maturity to know their own minds and understand their new responsibilities.

Allusion to this historic evolution of marriage customs has place here, because, as the way to legal marriage has been safeguarded for girls and women, as fathers have lost their power to sell daughters to husbands, or to masters in servitude, as minors have lost power to contract marriages for themselves, and as parents and guardians have been deprived of their ancient right of betrothal pledges of their young children and the consequent disposition of their future sex-relationship;—as this development has gone on, the legal right of girl-children to form illicit sex relationships has been left untouched. That is to say, while the age of consent for marriage has been raised to eighteen years for girls, and twenty-one for boys in most civilized States, and the possibility of despotic disposition of minors by parents in nuptial relationship has been limited in the interest of free choice of adults in marriage, the girl-child has been left to dispose of herself in prostitution, with neither the full protection of parents, nor the complete guardianship of the State.

As Jeaffreson well says, in his *Brides and Bridals*: "To these ancient arrangements for the transference of women from their fathers to their matrimonial suitors as a chattel, subject to sale, and for protecting property in women against nefarious aggressors, must be referred the barbarous spirit in which the law still persists in regarding a certain class of atrocious outrages on morality as mere infringements of private right. We reflect with astonishment on the conduct of our distant progenitors who legalized marriage traffic in womankind, but we persevere so far as the law is concerned in dealing with the seducer as though his offence were nothing graver than a violation of personal privi-

lege for which a payment of money to one of the injured persons is the appropriate penalty."

The protection of girlhood as an interest of the State in regard to legal marriage has run so far ahead of the protection of girlhood as an asset of the State without regard to matrimonial connection, and as a right of girlhood itself to be safeguarded from outrage and wrong, that the very phrase "age of consent" has ceased to have general significance, except as related to the formation of illicit sex-relationship outside of matrimony altogether. This has given us that legal inconsistency, the most monstrous that the human mind and conscience have allowed, namely, that a girl shall be prevented from giving herself in honorable marriage until her legal majority, but may sell herself in prostitution while still a minor, and even when a tiny child.

In the year 1885, the Anglo-American world was startled by the revelations of Mr. William T. Stead, published in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, concerning the traffic in young girls as a source of supply for houses of prostitution. Since that time a constant movement has gone on to raise the age of consent to illicit sex-relationship. When Mr. Stead went down in the wreck of the *Titanic*, a noble and unselfish crusader for the protection of womanhood was lost to the world. Doubtless, had he not lifted up his powerful voice, some other would have been found to show the English-speaking people the need for extending the long-accepted protection of women within the family bond, to greater safe-guarding of girlhood outside that bond. But to him we are indebted for the first shock of awakening. When this revelation of the modern traffic in girlhood was first made, the Common Law ruled in England, by which thirteen years was the age-limit beyond which no girl-child was protected against the ignorant sale of her person. The old Common Law period of ten to thirteen years was common also in the United States, and in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories under the United States Government. After Mr. Stead's exposures England raised the age of consent to sixteen years. Mr. Gladstone advocated raising it to eighteen years, but sixteen was the final limit determined upon. In New York, at the moment when Mr.

Stead aroused the civilized world, a girl of ten years of age could legally consent to her own ruin, and in Delaware the age of consent remained, as in the most ancient laws, at the infancy point of seven years.

The immediate result of the agitation in England was a crusade in the United States, led by Helen Gardner, Frances Willard, and Aaron Powell, ably seconded by Mr. Flower, editor of *The Arena*, the columns of which were opened for the campaign. As a result, many changes were at once made in the laws of most of the States.

During the period between 1885 and 1898, a majority of the States of the Union raised the legal limit of girl protection. By 1904, twelve States had fixed the age of consent at eighteen years, the same as for free marriage choice. One State had fixed the period at seventeen years, and twenty-two States at sixteen years. Two placed fifteen years in their statutes, thirteen States fourteen years, two States still retained twelve years, and one State still fixed ten years as the period when a little girl could legally enroll herself in the prostitute class by "her own free will!"

The Middle Western States led in the radical change of raising the age of consent to eighteen years, and it is noticeable that the States in which women have suffrage became most prominent in this matter of child protection.

This raising of the age of consent by statutes has, however, in many cases, failed to constitute an actual protection on account of lack of penalties attached, or because of confusion between old and new laws, or by reason of loopholes concerning the "previous character" of the girl-child. So true is this, that many States having nominally high age limits, have actually low protection. For example, in Kentucky the law reads that "whoever shall be guilty of the crime of rape upon the body of an infant under twelve years of age shall be punished with death or with confinement in the penitentiary for life in the discretion of the jury." This seems to make the age of consent, upon which rests the liability of a man for punishment for rape, twelve years. Another statute, however, declares that "whoever shall unlawfully carnally know a female under the age of sixteen years

shall be confined in the penitentiary for not less than ten nor more than twenty years." This would seem to make the age of consent in Kentucky sixteen years, with especially severe penalties for abuse of a child under twelve.

In Maine, again, "the carnal knowledge of a female under fourteen, either with or without her consent, is punishable by imprisonment for any term of years, at discretion of the court," while "the carnal knowledge of an unmarried female between fourteen and sixteen by a person over twenty-one, is punishable by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or by imprisonment for not more than two years." This law would seem to place the age of consent at sixteen years, although the punishment for debauchment of girls over fourteen may be so slight as to be no deterrent.

In Alabama great confusion might result from even conscientious administration of the law, since one section provides for the punishment of rape but states no age of consent, although the cases decided under the law indicate that as "the consent of a child under ten years is immaterial," that period being past the man guilty of violent abuse may escape severe punishment. Another section, however, declares that "any person who has carnal knowledge of any girl under twelve years of age must on conviction be punished at the discretion of the jury either by death or by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than ten years." Still another statute states that "any person who has carnal knowledge of any girl over twelve and under fourteen or abuses such girl in the attempt to do so must on conviction be punished by a fine of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars." The age of consent is therefore so elastic a period in this State that it is hardly credible that any life-term prisoners are to be found there under the indictment indicated, and doubtless the death penalty is reserved for men of black skin!

In South Dakota rape is more clearly defined than in most States, and the term includes a larger number of offences against chastity, "but no conviction can be had in case the female is over the age of ten and the male under the age of twenty unless it appears to the satisfaction of the jury that the female was not

sufficiently matured and informed to understand the nature of the act."

In Minnesota, one of the States advanced in placing the age of consent at eighteen years, there is a graduated series of punishments for violent abuse of a girl. If she is under ten the defendant must be sentenced to imprisonment for life; if between ten and fourteen he must be imprisoned for not less than seven nor more than thirty years; if she is between fourteen and eighteen, he must be sentenced to the State prison for not more than seven years or to the county jail for not more than one year, according to the circumstances. Other States have a similar graduation of penalty.

One point of concern for childhood was omitted from the first consideration which led to the crusade against the low age of consent, and that point was the need of protecting little boys and half-grown boys against debauchment. The terrible conditions affecting little girls, which started this movement to prevent their sale to keepers of houses of prostitution, fixed attention solely upon girl-children. Later on, the effect of raising the age of consent for girls while making no provision for the protection of boys against the full penalties for "rape" or "carnal knowledge" which these new laws imposed, was more clearly seen and justly estimated. If no age limit qualified the guilt of the man or boy involved, the better protection of the girl might lead to flagrant injustice. The new laws, therefore, which raised the age of consent for girls began to name an age limit for legal liability for boys: as for example in Louisiana, where the laws of 1896 provide that "If any male person over the age of eighteen years shall have carnal knowledge of any unmarried female between the age of twelve and sixteen years, even with her consent, he shall be deemed guilty of a felony." In 1908 the age of the boy liable to severe penalty was changed from eighteen to seventeen years; but the law of 1896, which fixed the age of consent for girls at twelve years in case of charges of rape, was left unchanged.

The recognition that boys and girls may tempt each other and be equally at fault in a situation of moral danger and social disgrace, is necessary to justice. As a rule, boys and girls grow

equally up to five years. Between five and ten years the boys outstrip the girls in maturity, and between ten and fifteen the girls outstrip the boys, and the boys again catch up and pass on beyond the girls between fifteen and twenty, while girls reach their full maturity earlier than boys. These facts give food for thought in considering the dark problems of juvenile delinquency and child vice. The period between ten and fifteen years, during which so many girls and boys suffer befoulment of mind and body, is one in which girls are often the tempters, consciously or unconsciously. On the other hand, the period between fifteen and twenty, when so many girls are ruined by seduction, by deceitful promise of matrimony, by decoy through lying advertisements of work, and through violence, is the period in which men, younger or older, are generally the aggressors. The truly enlightened statutes will take account of the sacredness of a boy's purity as well as of a girl's, and will safeguard for the race his future contribution to family life as a father, as they are now attempting to do in the case of potential mothers.

Meanwhile, the loud cries against raising the age of consent for little girls which come from grown men in legislative halls and in public discussions, on the ground of danger to their sex from unlimited "blackmail" by designing young girls of sixteen years and younger, are nauseating to one who knows the facts regarding illicit sex relations.

In these days of social "Exhibits" it would be possible to visualize the two classes that meet in the centres of prostitution. On the one side would be the buyers at whose demand these centres exist: men of all grades, old and young; ignorant and wise; strong and weak; wholly depraved, and "good fellows, only a little wild"; single men, excusing themselves for license because they "can't afford to marry," and married men, hosts of them, seeking variety in their experience;—on the one side, we would line up the multitude of men buyers in the market, most of them fairly well to do, almost all of them capable of earning a living wage, many of them rich to satiety in pleasures, all of them having free access to every elevating influence in life, good women, home enjoyments, mental stimulus, and moral appeals.

On the other side we would line up the women who supply

the demand these men create. They would be a far smaller number at most, for each wretched woman barter herself in sickening repetition to many men. They would be on an average so much younger than the men that it would seem almost as if their generation were sacrificed for the one to which their fathers and mothers belonged.

It would be a poverty-stricken crowd of those able to earn, on an average, in "honest" work, less than six dollars a week. It would be a crowd containing a majority of mentally defective girls, those below par forming from 75 to 90 per cent., in the judgment of those best acquainted with them. It would be a crowd of the physically weak and ill, many fatally diseased and doomed to early death. It would be a crowd of "outcasts" from whom every warmth and joy and upward leading of domestic and social helpfulness have been far removed. It would be a crowd of slaves, exploited, for the most part, as little girls by organized agencies to drag them down; slaves sold or pushed into the vicious life, and held there by iron bands. It would be a crowd of those whom all political corruption, all police graft, all outrage of the wicked, feed upon and despoil as in the case of no other human beings. It would be a crowd to which courts of law, by precedent and in common practice have denied equal rights of self-defence, since "goodness" in a woman has meant only one virtue, and unchastity has made her literally "abandoned."

Were we thus to visualize these opposite groups, the men and women who meet in the market place of prostitution, it would be utterly impossible to listen with patience to men of "property and standing" prating about the dangers to their sex of raising the age of consent to a vicious life for girls to the period when lawful marriage may be legally chosen! Men who behave themselves and exercise ordinary discretion in their relationships, are seldom in danger of blackmail, and men of known probity—and chastity—can find easy protection in law against the wiles of bad women.

But little girls, pursued by greed and lust as they go to and from school, remorselessly sought by all forms of deceitful evil,—young girls, snared by "cadets" whose business is their seduc-

tion, to meet the demand for fresh victims for vicious houses,—young girls who eagerly seek work, deceived and enslaved by employment agencies which are only markets of exchange for the procurers,—young girls, held as captives in dens of iniquity, both by the evil power of their keepers, and by the harsh judgment of the outside world which opens no way of escape,—ah! these no decent man need fear. They cannot compel him to share their wretched lot. The men who conspire to ruin them are the men of whom One of old might well have thought, when He said: It were better that a mill stone be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea than that one of these little ones should perish from cruelty and neglect!

EARTH DEITIES

BLISS CARMAN

THE poems printed herewith are taken from a number of Studies in Greek and Latin Mythology. They are brief monologues or descriptive poems in lyric measures, intended for recitation to the accompaniment of music and dancing or interpretive motion.

This novel art, a blend of reading, music and acting, has been gradually evolved in an attempt to find an adequate instrument of training for higher physical education or personal harmonizing,—an instrument which enlists ecstasy and intelligence in the play of physical exercise, just as they are always enlisted in desirable life. It is a true art, else it never would have served this comprehensive use. It is simple enough and untheatric enough to be adaptable for home use and for primary education, and yet comprehensive enough to be worthy of the complex and subtle skill of the best dramatic artist. It is more lyric than acting, more ornate than reading, more natural than opera, and effects the transformation of poetry into visible beauty in a unique and compelling way. It maintains and enhances the legitimate sorcery which dwells in poetry, by giving full value to its rhythmic quality, and it renders the instinctive and primal fascination of dance more rational and noble by supplying it with a theme worthy of its technique.

Poems written for the purpose of such presentation must necessarily conform to certain limitations. They cannot meander at will in the delightful fashion of long meditative lyrics. They must be full of action and movement as an old ballad. Even their similes, metaphors, and references, should be translatable into the language of plastic motion or suggestion. They must be lyric in form, yet always somewhat dramatic in feeling and scope.

It is not pretended, I need hardly say, that poetry in general should be modified for any such particular aim and purpose, nor should allow itself to be conscious of such restrictions. I believe, though, that in Rhythmics, if we may so name them, a distinctly

new field for poetry of a certain kind has been opened,—a sphere of unexpected influence and charm. Many beautiful and well-known poems lend themselves perfectly to this mode of interpretation; for others quite as beautiful in a different way, such a rendering is much less appropriate, or inappropriate altogether. The present verses are by no means as full of glamour and imagination as good poetry should be. They only indicate a direction which poetry may deliberately take, with some slight suggestion of the wide opportunity open to it in this new form of interpretive art.

I

PSYCHE

Tender as wind of summer
That wanders among the flowers,
Down worldly aisles with enchanted smiles
She leads the mysterious hours.

Out of the ancient silence
Over the darkling earth,
As streamers swim on the sunrise rim,
She moves between sorrow and mirth.

The impulse of things immortal,
The transport hidden in clay,
Like a dancing beam on a noonday stream,
She signals along the way.

Her feet are poised over peril,
Her eyes are familiar with death,
Her radiant wings are daring things,
Frail as the beat of a breath.

Over the ocean of being,
In her gay incredible flight,
See her float and run in the gold of the sun,
Down to the gates of night.

The storm may darken above her,
The surges thunder below,
But on through a rift where the gold lights drift,
Still she will dancing go,

Treasuring things forgotten,
As dreams and destinies fade;
Spirit of truth and ageless youth,
She laughs and is not afraid.

II

BACCHANTE

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus!

Hark to the drums!
Hark to the drums!
The dance of the lord of the vintage comes.
Out of the wood and down the hill
The rioters follow with rapture shrill.

Youth and maid
In that mad parade
Leap for joy in the flickering shade.
The strongest reel, and the weak grow wan,
And the maddest mænad leads them on.

Her heart is bare,
Her loosened hair
Is a mist of gold on the violet air.
Beauty aflame, she marches by,
Child of the thyrsus borne on high.

Her eyes a-shine,
She is half divine
With the rhythmic dance and the mystic wine;
While the grapes upheld in her gleaming hand
Are an ensign of mirth to her reckless band.

Living as fire
No time can tire,
Or a scarlet lily's unshamed desire,
Her wine-hued mouth and ivory knees
Flash in her sunlit ecstasies.

Trembling clear
As a joyous fear,
The soft insidious flutes draw near;
While madder, madder, madder comes
The frenzied throb of the choric drums.

The call of the crowd
Is fond and loud,
As she tosses before them wild and proud.
"Faster, faster, faster," they cry,
As the god with a ravishing smile goes by.

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus!

FOR THEORISTS *

WALTER LIPPMANN

MY first course in philosophy was nothing less than a summary of the important systems of thought put forward in Western Europe during the last twenty-six hundred years. Perhaps that is a slight exaggeration,—we did gloss over a few centuries in the Middle Ages. For the rest we touched upon all the historic names from Thales to Nietzsche. After about nine weeks of this bewildering transit, a friend approached me with a sour look on his face. “You know,” he said, “I can’t make head or tail out of this business. I agree with each philosopher as we study him. But when we get to the next one, I agree with him too. Yet he generally says the other one was wrong. They can’t all be right. Can they now?” I was too much puzzled with the same difficulty to help him.

Somewhat later I began to read the history of political theories. It was a less disinterested study than those sophomore speculations, for I had jumped into a profession which carried me through some of the underground passages of “practical politics” and reformist groups. The tangle of motives and facts and ideas was incredible. I began to feel the force of Mr. John Hobson’s remark that “if practical workers for social and industrial reforms continue to ignore principles . . . they will have to pay the price which short-sighted empiricism always pays; with slow, hesitant, and staggering steps, with innumerable false starts and backslidings, they will move in the dark along an unseen track toward an unseen goal.” The political theorists laid some claim to lighting up both the track and the goal, and so I turned to them for help.

Now whoever has followed political theory will have derived perhaps two convictions as a reward. Almost all the thinkers seem to regard their systems as true and binding, and none of these systems are. No matter which one you examine; it is inadequate. You cannot be a Platonist or a Benthamite in politics to-day. You cannot go to any of the great philosophers

* This essay, and the two preceding ones, “The Taboo in Politics” and “The Changing Focus in Politics” are portions of a book called “A Preface to Politics.”

even for the outlines of a statecraft which shall be fairly complete, and relevant to American life. I returned to the sophomore mood: "Each of these thinkers has contributed something, has had some wisdom about events. Looked at in bulk the philosophers can't all be right or all wrong."

But like so many theoretical riddles, this one rested on a very simple piece of ignorance. The trouble was that without realizing it I too had been in search of the philosopher's stone. I too was looking for something that could not be found. That happened in this case to be nothing less than an absolutely true philosophy of politics. It was the old indolence of hoping that somebody had done the world's thinking once and for all. I had conjured up the fantasy of a system which would contain the whole of life, be as reliable as a table of logarithms, foresee all possible emergencies and offer entirely trustworthy rules of action. When it seemed that no such system had ever been produced, I was on the point of damning the entire tribe of theorists from Plato to Marx.

This is what one may call the naïveté of the intellect. Its hope is that some man living at one place on the globe in a particular epoch will, through the miracle of genius, be able to generalize his experience for all time and all space. It says in effect that there is never anything essentially new under the sun, that any moment of experience sufficiently understood would be seen to contain all history and all destiny—that the intellect reasoning on one piece of experience could know what all the rest of experience was like. Looked at more closely, this philosophy means that novelty is an illusion of ignorance, that life is an endless repetition, that when you know one revolution of it, you know all the rest. In a very real sense the world has no history and no future, the race has no career. At any moment everything is given: our reason could know that moment so thoroughly that all the rest of life would be like the commuter's who travels back and forth on the same line every day. There would be no inventions and no discoveries, for in the instant that reason had found the key of experience everything would be unfolded. The present would not be the womb of the future: nothing would be embryonic, nothing would *grow*. Ex-

perience would cease to be an adventure in order to become the monotonous fulfilment of a perfect prophecy.

This omniscience of the human intellect is one of the commonest assumptions in the world. Although when you state the belief as I have, it sounds absurdly pretentious, yet the boastfulness is closer to the child's who stretches out its hand for the moon than the romantic egotist's who thinks he has created the moon and all the stars. Whole systems of philosophy have claimed such an eternal and absolute validity; the nineteenth century produced a bumper crop of so-called atheists, materialists and determinists who believed in all sincerity that "Science" was capable of a complete truth and unfailing prediction. If you want to see this faith in all its naïveté, go into those quaint rationalist circles where Herbert Spencer's ghost announces the "laws of life," with only a few inessential details omitted.

Now, of course, no philosophy of this sort has ever realized such hopes. Mankind has certainly come nearer to justifying Mr. Chesterton's observation that one of its favorite games is called "Cheat the Prophet" . . . "The players listen very carefully and respectfully to all that the clever men have to say about what is to happen in the next generation. The players then wait until all the clever men are dead, and bury them nicely. They then go and do something else." Now this weakness is not, as Mr. Chesterton would like to believe, confined to the clever men. But it is a weakness, and many people have speculated about it. Why in the face of hundreds of philosophies wrecked on the rocks of the unexpected do men continue to believe that the intellect can transcend the vicissitudes of experience?

For they certainly do believe it, and generally the more parochial their outlook, the more cosmic their pretensions. All of us at times yearn for the comfort of an absolute philosophy. We try to believe that however finite we may be, our intellect is something apart from the cycle of our life, capable by an Olympian detachment from human interests of a divine thoroughness. Even our evolutionist philosophy, as Bergson shows, "begins by showing us in the intellect a local effect of evolution, a flame, perhaps accidental, which lights up the coming and going of

living things in the narrow passage open to their action; and lo! forgetting what it has just told us, makes of this lantern glimmering in a tunnel a Sun which can illuminate the world."

This is what most of us do in our search for a philosophy of politics. We forget that the big systems of theory are much more like village lamp-posts than they are like the sun, that they were made to light up a particular path, obviate certain dangers, and aid a peculiar mode of life. The understanding of the place of theory in life is a comparatively new one. We are just beginning to see how creeds are made. And the insight is enormously fertile. Thus Mr. Alfred Zimmern, in his fine study of *The Greek Commonwealth*, says of Plato and Aristotle that no interpretation "can be satisfactory which does not take into account the impression left upon their minds by the social development" which made the age of these philosophers a period of Athenian decline. Mr. Zimmern's approach is common enough in modern scholarship, but the full significance of it for the creeds we ourselves are making is still something of a novelty. When we are asked to think of *The Republic* as the reaction of decadent Greece upon the conservative temperament of Plato, the function of theory is given a new illumination. Political philosophy at once appears as a human invention in a particular crisis—an instrument to fit a need. The pretension to finality falls away.

This is a great emancipation. Instead of clinging to the naïve belief that Plato was legislating for all mankind, you can discuss his plans as a temporary superstructure made for an historic purpose. You are free then to appreciate the more enduring portions of his work, to understand Santayana when he says of the Platonists, "their theories are so extravagant, yet their wisdom seems so great. Platonism is a very refined and beautiful expression of our natural instincts, it embodies conscience and utters our inmost hopes." This insight into the values of human life, partial though it be, is what constitutes the abiding monument of Plato's genius. His constructions, his formal creeds, his law-making and social arrangements are local and temporary—for us they can have only an antiquarian interest.

In some such way as this the sophomoric riddle is answered:

no thinker can lay down a course of action for all mankind,—such programmes if they are useful at all are useful for some particular historical period. But if the thinker sees at all deeply into the life of his own time, his theoretical system will rest upon observation of human nature. That remains as a residue of wisdom long after his reasoning and his concrete programme have passed into limbo. For human nature in all its profounder aspects changes very little in the few generations since our Western wisdom has come to be recorded. These *aperçus* left over from the great speculations are the golden threads which successive thinkers weave into the pattern of their thought. Wisdom remains; theory passes.

If that is true of Plato with his ample vision, how much truer is it of the theories of the littler men—politicians, courtiers and propagandists—who make up the academy of politics. Machiavelli will, of course, be remembered at once as a man whose speculations were fitted to an historical crisis. His advice to the Prince was real advice, not a sermon. A boss was telling a governor how to extend his power. The wealth of Machiavelli's learning and the splendid penetration of his mind are used to interpret experience for a particular purpose. I have always thought that Machiavelli derives his bad name from a too transparent honesty. Less direct minds would have found high-sounding ethical sanctions in which to conceal the real intent. That was the nauseating method of nineteenth century economists when they tried to identify the brutal practices of capitalism with the beneficence of nature and the Will of God. Not so Machiavelli. He could write without a blush that "a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced in order to maintain the State, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion." The apologists of business also justified a rupture with human decencies. They too fitted their theory to particular purposes, but they had not the courage to avow it even to themselves.

The rare value of Machiavelli is just this lack of self-deception. You may think his morals devilish, but you cannot accuse him of quoting scripture. I certainly do not admire the

end he serves: the extension of an autocrat's power is a frivolous perversion of government. His ideal happens, however, to be the aim of most foreign offices, politicians and "princes of finance." Machiavelli's morals are not one bit worse than the practices of the men who rule the world to-day. An American Senate tore up the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and with the approval of the President acted "contrary to fidelity" and friendship too. Austria violated the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina. Machiavelli's ethics are commonplace enough. His head is clearer than the average. He let the cat out of the bag and showed in the boldest terms how theory becomes an instrument of practice. You may take him as a symbol of the political theorist. You may say that all the thinkers of influence have been writing advice to the Prince. Machiavelli recognized Lorenzo the Magnificent; Marx, the proletariat of Europe.

At first this sounds like standing the world on its head, denying reason and morality, and exalting practice over righteousness. That is neither here nor there. I am simply trying to point out an illuminating fact whose essential truth can hardly be disputed. The important social philosophies are consciously or otherwise the servants of men's purposes. Good or bad, that, it seems to me, is the way we work. We find reasons for what we want to do. The big men, from Machiavelli through Rousseau to Karl Marx, brought history, logic, science and philosophy to prop up and strengthen their deepest desires. The followers, the epigones, may accept the reasons of Rousseau and Marx and deduce rules of action from them. But the original genius sees the dynamic purpose first, finds reasons afterward.

Nothing is more instructive than a socialist "experience" meeting at which everyone tries to tell how he came to be converted. These gatherings are notoriously untruthful,—in fact, there is a genial pleasure in not telling the truth about one's salad days in the socialist movement. The prevalent lie is to explain how the new convert, standing upon a mountain of facts, began to trace out the highways that led from hell to heaven. Everybody knows that no such process was actually lived through, and almost without exception the real story can be discerned:

a man was dissatisfied, he wanted a new condition of life, he embraced a theory that would justify his hopes and his discontent. For once you touch the biographies of human beings, the notion that political beliefs are logically determined collapses like a pricked balloon. In the language of philosophers, socialism as a living force is a product of the will,—a will to beauty, order, neighborliness, not infrequently a will to health. Men desire first, then they reason; fascinated by the future, they invent a “scientific socialism” to get there.

The attempts of theorists to explain man's successes as rational acts and his failures as lapses of reason have always ended in a dismal and misty unreality. No genuine politician ever treats his constituents as reasoning animals. This is as true of the high politics of Isaiah as it is of the ward boss. Only the pathetic amateur deludes himself into thinking that if he presents the major and minor premises, the voter will automatically draw the conclusion on election day. The successful politician—good or bad—deals with the dynamics—with the will, the hopes, the needs and the visions of men.

There is a type of radical who has an idea that he can insinuate advanced ideas into legislation without being caught. His plan of action is to keep his real programme well concealed and to dole out sections of it to the public from time to time. John A. Hobson in *The Crisis of Liberalism* describes the “practical reformer” so that anybody can recognize him: “This revolt against ideas is carried so far that able men have come seriously to look upon progress as a matter for the manipulation of wire-pullers, something to be ‘jobbed’ in committee by sophistical motions or other clever trickery.” Lincoln Steffens calls these people “our damned rascals.” Mr. Hobson continues, “The attraction of some obvious gain, the suppression of some scandalous abuse of monopolist power by a private company, some needed enlargement of existing municipal or State enterprise by lateral expansion—such are the sole springs of action.” Well may Mr. Hobson inquire, “Now, what provision is made for generating the motor power of progress in Collectivism?”

No amount of architect's plans, bricks and mortar will build a house. Some one must have the wish to build it. So with

the modern democratic State. Statesmanship cannot rest upon the good sense of its programme. It must find popular feeling, organize it, and make the motive power of government. Now a dynamic conception of society always frightens a great number of people. It gives politics a restless and intractable quality. Pure reason is so gentlemanly, but will and the visions of a people—these are adventurous and incalculable forces. Most politicians living for the day prefer to ignore them. If only society will stand fairly still while their career is in the making they are content to avoid the actualities. But a politician with some imaginative interest in genuine affairs need not be seduced into the learned folly of pretending that reality is something else than it is. If he is to influence life he must deal with it. A deep respect is due the Schopenhauerian philosopher who looks upon the world, finds that its essence is evil, and turns towards insensitive calm. But no respect is due to anyone who sets out to reform the world by ignoring its quality. Whoever is bent upon shaping politics to better human uses must accept freely as his starting point the impulses that agitate human beings. If observation shows that reason is an instrument of will, then only confusion can result from pretending that it isn't.

The theorist is incompetent when he deals with a subject like socialism, just because he assumes that men are determined by logic and that a false conclusion will stop a moving, creative force. Occasionally he recognizes the wilful character of politics: then he shakes his head, climbs into an ivory tower and deplores the moonshine, the religious manias and the passions of the mob. Real life is beyond his control and influence because real life is largely agitated by impulses and habits, unconscious needs, faith, hope and desire. With all his learning he is ineffective because, instead of trying to use the energies of men, he deplores them.

Doctrines, in short, depend on purposes: a theory by itself is neither moral nor immoral, its value is conditioned by the purpose it serves. In any accurate sense, theory is to be judged only as an effective or ineffective instrument of a desire: the discussion of doctrines is technical and not moral. A theory has no intrinsic value: that is why the devil can talk theology.

REVOLUTIONIZED CHINA?

EDWIN MAXEY

NO one who is interested in social or political advancement can fail to be interested in the struggle which has been going on in China for the purpose of securing adjustment to the new order of things. The task on hand has been far greater than has been attempted by any other people within recorded history. Success or failure involves immediately the weal or woe of by far the most populous state of ancient or modern times, and indirectly it involves the greater part of Asia, of Europe and America. From its political side, the struggle is, therefore, one which appeals to considerably more than half the population of the globe, and from its social side it appeals to all.

It is difficult for anyone, especially a Westerner, to appreciate the magnitude of the task involved in the struggle now going on for the purpose of changing China from a reactionary, Oriental empire to a modern state. I say now going on, for although the change in form of government has been effected, the real work is but begun. If a change of name were all that is necessary to effect a political revolution, then would political revolution be indeed a simple matter, which could be accomplished at any time by the fiat of the *de jure* or even of the *de facto* government. But it is a realization of the conditions connoted by a change of names which gives to political revolutions any real meaning and makes of them something more than mere verbiage. The reconstruction and revitalization of the political and social institutions of a people, the change of their viewpoint, of their *Weltanschauung*, requires not simply an awakened political consciousness and national vitality. It requires time.

Not only is the struggle now engaging the best thought and highest purposes of the Chinese one of tremendous proportions, one of world interest—it was a necessity.

However ancient or however admirable may have been the civilization of China, she was out of joint with the spirit of the times. However sublime a monument her political and social philosophy may have been to ancient thought, she was an an-

achronism in the twentieth century. Her political creed rested upon a theory which did not fit into the facts of modern life. The consciousness of her ancient civilization had given to her a feeling of superiority, and the contempt for others and desire for isolation, which are the natural outgrowth of such a feeling, whether in the individual or in the nation. But aloofness has its limitations. However beautiful may be the theory of national isolation, as a matter of fact it is impracticable. The improvement in means of transportation and methods of conveying intelligence, the advantages, nay the necessity of international commerce, has relegated the theory of national isolation to the discard, along with many other individualistic theories. Such are the relations of modern life that neither the single individual nor the single nation can exclude others as factors in determining its line of conduct or shaping its destiny. This is not mere rhetoric, but stern fact. *Nolens, volens*, "We are all parts of one majestic whole," and it is not only unwise, but fatal, to refuse to recognize the fact.

Though China was exceedingly slow to recognize the force of this philosophy, she has had it so forcibly borne in upon her by the Chino-Japanese war, by the seizure of Port Arthur by Russia, of Wei-Hai-Wei by England, of Shantung by Germany, the rectification of her Mekong boundary by France, by the parcelling of much of her remaining territory into spheres of interest, by the march of the allied armies into Peking, by the payment of an indemnity for a failure to comply with her international obligations, by the Russo-Japanese war, which for a time excluded her from control over a considerable portion of one of her own provinces and made it abundantly clear that she was neither an isolated nor a sovereign state,—by all these events crowded into the short space of a few years, China was brought face to face with the fact that she must readjust herself to the new order, and adopt the rule of the survival of the fittest, or become the victim of it. The issue was one of readjustment or political suicide. This may seem a brutal fact. We may lament it. But it is none the less a fact because brutal.

Under this pressure from without and stimulated from within by the patriotic desire to avoid seeing their territory divided and

their national aspirations defied, some of the more awakened and vigorous minds in China set themselves to the task of putting their house in order. This involved substantially a rebuilding of the structure; for "from turret to foundation-stone" there was lacking that cement without which the structure could not stand. And what is that cement? The consciousness of a unity of interests. What has prevented national progress in China and what has made China a weak force in world movements and what, if not changed, must eventually make of her a negligible factor, is the fact that the average citizen of one part of China has not felt that he had interests in common with the citizens of every other part of China. Until this handicap is overcome, substantial progress is impossible. For without this consciousness as a vital, cohesive force, unity of action is impossible, a feeling of patriotism is impossible, and hence national life is impossible.

To the awakened, thinking Chinese, it was clear that the old régime was not well calculated to stimulate patriotism. In the first place, the dynasty at the head of it was a foreign dynasty and was not looked upon as either Chinese or in sympathy with the Chinese people. Political leadership is never successful where there is a lack of sympathy between the leaders and those whom they are trying to lead. Second, there was lacking anything approaching an adequate system of railroads or wagon roads. Third, there were no adequate means for forming or giving expression to public opinion.

The first of these difficulties has been met. The Manchu dynasty which stood for the old régime has been overthrown; and the surprising feature about it is the ease with which this was accomplished. Ordinarily a bureaucratic Government can so intrench itself by reason of its control of the finances and of the army that nothing but a vigorous policy of "blood and iron" can overthrow it. But in this case there was practically no blood shed. A part of the plan of the revolutionists had been to win over the army, and in this they had succeeded. The beheading of thirty-eight Chinese revolutionaries by order of the Government, October 10, 1911, was the signal for the revolt of the troops under Col. Li Yuen Hung. The army in province after province went over to the revolutionists. When the Government

saw that it could not depend on the army, it offered no resistance. And however pusillanimous and cowardly the rôle played by the Government may have seemed, there was nothing else for it to do. A Government must rest either upon force or affection, and the Government as represented by the Manchu dynasty had never had a strong hold upon the affections of the Chinese people and under weak and vacillating leadership it had lost its hold upon the army. An appeal to the people or the sword would therefore be in vain. It was a tolerably clear case of an actor who had outlived his usefulness being pushed off the stage. In the ultimate analysis, a Government must justify its existence, not by the profit it derives for itself, but by the service it renders to the governed. The Manchu Government has therefore disappeared in accordance with a natural law—the law of service.

But the overthrow of the old Government is not sufficient. In order to make this overthrow a step in the march of progress, something better must be placed in its stead. This the revolutionists have attempted to do. And, indeed, they have made considerable progress. Contrary to the expectations of most observers, the revolutionists did not content themselves with a mere change of dynasty. They went to the extreme of establishing a republic. This, it must be admitted, was a bold experiment, in view of the very slight participation the great mass of the Chinese had had in governmental affairs, outside of purely local matters. But the prime movers in the revolution were men like Sun Yat Sen, educated in America, to whom a half loaf, constitutional monarchy, did not appeal as being a desirable or practicable compromise.

At the head of the new republic is a President. The President is not, however, elected by the people, but by the Advisory Council. This body also is chosen not by popular vote, but by the Provincial Assemblies. The representatives to the Provincial Assemblies are in turn elected not by popular vote, but by the District Council. The members of the District Council are elected by the voters. The method of selecting the higher officials, both legislative and executive, is therefore conservative. It has in it the element of distrust of the people so evident in the constitution of the United States. And it is within the facts to

say that there is more reason for it in the Chinese constitution than in our own. The conservatism of this method of election is well illustrated by the choice of the first President—Yuan Shi Kai—whose record was that of a conservative, when he was not a reactionary. It is not probable that under these circumstances he would have been the popular choice, whatever may have been the general estimate of his ability.

The provision intrusting the election of the President to the legislative branch of the Government will, we think, be but temporary. It was wisely rejected by the framers of our own constitution, and, so far as we can find, has never worked successfully. Nor is there sufficient reason to suppose that it ever will. A greater degree of independence is necessary to an efficient executive than will exist where the executive must look to the legislative branch for his election. There are some elements of human nature so fundamental that they cannot safely be disregarded by the framers of any system of government. I am not here criticising the framers of the Chinese constitution, because the provision may have been intended merely as a temporary expedient and as such may have been warranted by the exigencies of the situation. I am merely pointing out the fact that as a permanent provision it gives little promise of working successfully.

The power of the Advisory Council to ratify appointments made by the executive, and also to ratify treaties, is substantially the same as that vested in the Senate of the United States, and needs no comment. Whether, as a matter of fact, it was copied from our own document, originated, or borrowed from elsewhere, matters little for our present purposes. Its very general adoption, except by absolute monarchies, and its practical working, commend it.

The Chinese legislature is bicameral. The senators are elected by the Provincial assemblies. Under the present apportionment there are ten from each province. In addition to these there are eight elected by the Central Education Society and six by the Chinese residing abroad. This latter is a unique provision. How it will work out remains to be seen. It would appear to confer the right of representation without the possibility

of taxation. The members of the Lower House are elected on the basis of population. At present there is one representative for every 800,000 of population. This gives to each representative a very large constituency, nearly ten times the usual number. But if the unit were much smaller the House would be too large to be a deliberative body. As it is it will be about midway between the size of the British House of Commons and the German Reichstag.

In one important respect the new system of government in China differs from our own. The Chinese constitution provides for the Cabinet system of government as distinguished from the American or Presidential system. Nor is it surprising that in choosing between the two systems they should have selected the Cabinet system, for it has many features which commend it strongly to statesmen and to students of political science, who are not fortunate or unfortunate enough to hold any official position. Candor compels us to admit that it is the more logical of the two systems, as it responds to changes in political conditions and ideas rather than being regulated solely by the calendar. In other words, it rests upon a political rather than an astronomic basis. And it may be mentioned in passing, that for the past year or more Mr. Taft has been busy furnishing telling arguments in favor of the Cabinet system of government.

The Premier is chosen by the Advisory Council. Though this differs in form from the British system, it does not in substance, for we all know that while as a matter of form the British Premier is chosen by the Sovereign, he is as a matter of fact chosen by the House of Commons. How soon party conditions most conducive to the successful working of Cabinet government will be developed in China, it is too soon for us to say. Any opinion upon this point would at present be a mere guess.

The Chinese constitution has wisely, we think, refrained from providing for universal suffrage. Political power is not an end in itself, but rather a means to an end, which is the betterment of political and social relations—the realization of conditions which make for a larger and better civic and social life. In the use of this, as of other instruments, the degree to which the means used will promote or defeat the attaining of the end will depend upon

the degree of wisdom with which it is used. A knife may serve to enrich or to destroy human life. Whether we proceed upon the basis of theory or upon the basis of political history, we reach the same conclusion, namely, that the right of suffrage is not a valuable right unless the one exercising it possesses a reasonably intelligent appreciation of the nature and purposes, the possibilities and the limitations of the right he is exercising. I have no quarrel with the Southerner who seeks in a legal way to exclude the ignorant negro from exercising the right of suffrage. My quarrel is with the one who seeks to exclude by force or fraud the negro, regardless of his qualifications, and to enfranchise the white with a like disregard of his qualifications.

For the purpose of limiting manhood suffrage in China, two tests are applied: the educational qualification and the property qualification. So that males twenty-one years old who have lived two years in the district may vote if they (1) pay one dollar direct tax annually to the Government or (2) have real property of the value of \$250 or (3) are graduates of an elementary or high school, or (4) have an education equivalent to that of an elementary school. I have not been able to get reliable information as to their operation, i.e., as to the percentage excluded by them and the percentage of undesirables not excluded. It is to be hoped, however, that in order to avoid ultra-conservatism, the emphasis will be thrown upon the educational rather than upon the property qualification.

One of the interesting features of the new régime is the principle of complete separation of Church and State. I say interesting because while there is very little Church and not much State to separate, it shows a disposition upon the part of the framers of the Chinese constitution to adopt one of the distinctive features of American jurisprudence—a principle which until recently has received but scant support in Europe, yet during the past decade has, even in Europe, made substantial progress. Nor are there wanting indications that the leaven will continue to work.

The Chinese constitution contains most of the provisions contained in our own Bill of Rights, as will be seen from the following provisions:

Art. I. The Republic of China is composed of the Chinese people.

Art. II. The sovereignty of the Chinese Republic is vested in the people.

Art. V. Citizens of the Chinese Republic are all equal and there shall be no racial, class or religious distinctions.

Art. VI. Citizens shall enjoy the following rights:

(1) The person of the citizens shall not be arrested, imprisoned, tried or punished except in accordance with law.

(2) The habitations of citizens shall not be entered or searched except in accordance with law.

(3) Citizens shall enjoy the right of security of their property and the freedom of trade.

(4) Citizens shall have the freedom of speech, of composition, of publication, of assembly, and of association.

(5) Citizens shall have the right of the secrecy of their letters.

(6) Citizens shall have the right of residence and removal.

(7) Citizens shall have the freedom of religion.

Art. VII. Citizens shall have the right of petitioning the executive officials.

Art. IX. Citizens shall have the right to institute proceedings before the judiciary and to receive its trial and judgments.

Art. X. Citizens shall have the right of suing officials in the administrative courts for violation of law or of their rights.

Art. XI. Citizens shall have the right of participating in civil examinations.

Art. XII. Citizens shall have the right to vote and be voted for.

Art. XV. The right of citizens as provided in the present chapter shall be limited or modified by laws provided such limitation or modification shall be deemed necessary for the promotion of public welfare, for the maintenance of public order or on account of extraordinary exigency.

But however excellent may have been the changes in the form of government, they do not complete the revolution. A change from an absolute, paternal monarchy to a liberal, federated Re-

public is no doubt a long step, and, we trust, a permanent one. Yet before China will ever be transformed into a modern state, the different parts of it must be drawn closer together, physically and psychically. The former will be accomplished when China is supplied, as its natural resources warrant, with railways and wagon roads.

According to the latest available statistics, China has but 5,500 miles of railway. The inadequacy of this appears at once by comparison. China has a greater area than the United States and yet the United States has considerably over 240,000 miles of railway, or more than forty times the mileage of China. China has less than a mile and a half of railway for every thousand square miles of her total area, whereas the United States has eighty miles for every thousand square miles of area. If we take into consideration the population to be served, the comparison becomes far more striking. As the population of China is nearly five times that of the United States, the number of miles of railway per one thousand of the population is just about two hundred times as great in the United States as it is in China. The single State of Pennsylvania with an area of but 46,000 square miles has 11,373 miles of railway, or more than twice the mileage of the whole republic of China.

As regards wagon roads, the relative disadvantage of China is even greater than it is with respect to railways. She has practically no road laws and no system of taxation for the purpose of improving her roads. She does not even own her roads—the King's highway is, in China, private property. The owner rarely makes any repairs, and, when the road has become impassable, he may, after the most deliberate delay, dedicate a new road for the use of the public, which has about the same life history as its predecessor. It is a most astonishing fact that as old and civilized a state as China, peopled by men of an intensely practical turn of mind, should have shown so small an appreciation of the importance of roads in the development of a nation. Their significance is not alone commercial and industrial, but political as well. The road builder is not only the advance agent of commercial and industrial prosperity, he is the herald of political unity and governmental efficiency. The Romans early learned this les-

son and much of their success as the great political organizers of their time was due to it. The South Americans are just learning it. China must learn it. Road taxes are the cheapest form of insurance against chronic revolution. Nor is this solely because of the fact that a system of good roads facilitates military operations, but in larger degree because of the fact that it promotes intercourse, and by thus making the people of different sections better acquainted with each other enables them to see that their real interest lies in co-operation, not in quarrelling; in peace, not in war.

Nor are there wanting signs that China is beginning to appreciate the importance of developing her means of communication. She has now under construction 2,800 miles of railway—more than half as much as is already built. The Government has taken over the construction of the Canton-Hankow and the Szechuan-Hankow lines. She has 3,000 miles of telegraph. While this seems very small when compared with the million and a half miles of wire operated by the Western Union alone in the United States, it is a beginning. It is a straw which indicates the direction of the wind. Undoubtedly, China has the natural resources to warrant a development of lines of communication, and if this is not done it will not be because of a lack of resources. Where the possibilities of trade warrant it, as they do in China, all that is necessary to secure the capital for providing lines of transportation or other instruments of commerce is reasonable assurance that fair treatment will be accorded them.

But the development of the instruments of transportation is a much easier matter than the development of an enlightened public opinion. Capital is more mobile, more easily acclimated, follows the line of least resistance and most favorable statistics far more readily than does genius. And it must be admitted that for getting hold of the collective mind a considerable degree of genius is necessary. And in order that it may be successful in the present case it must be national genius. Such is the type of the Chinese mind that even genius of the exotic variety gets but a very weak and superficial hold upon it. The foreign press is therefore comparatively helpless in creating public opinion in China. And though China makes the proud boast of having in-

vented printing, there is not as yet a Chinese press to give adequate expression to the thoughts and feelings of the Chinese people. Until recently, the Chinese newspaper has been a catalogue of facts, mostly commonplace, rather than a medium for the expression of national aspirations and national needs. Fortunately, there is some sign that a change is taking place in this respect. *Progress*, a newspaper edited by one of the leaders of the movement for a republic, whose policy is guided in large degree by Dr. Sun, is making an attempt to voice the sentiments and stimulate the formation of national ideals in the minds of the Chinese people. As to the exact number of such papers, I am not informed, but it is to be hoped that their name will be legion, for there is a vast amount of work to be done—work which is not only inspiring but necessary, if China is to be changed from a huge, amorphous mass to an organized, living, dynamic force. Let us hope that the ones upon whom this work devolves will be men who possess a statesmanlike grasp of the nature and import of the problems with which they are dealing; clear-headed, noble-hearted men; men who can grasp principles and discern tendencies; men of intellect as well as of impulse; men of patriotism as well as of power.

There are not, so far as I can find, any national organizations in China performing the function fulfilled by our organizations of the members of learned professions and of representatives of different interests, such as the National Bar Association, American Historical Society, Economic Society, Political Science Association, National Educational Association, Medical Associations, Bankers' Associations, Conservation Congresses, and, in short, all organizations made up of members from all parts of the country and holding meetings for the purpose of exchanging views upon the particular class of problems with which they are dealing and concerning which they are supposed to have expert knowledge. This absence, or, at any rate, the very limited number of such organizations in China, is regrettable. For, while they may not speak with the authority of legislators, they nevertheless wield a tremendous influence in shaping national sentiment in response to which legislation usually comes. They at least bring the members from different parts of the country together, get

them acquainted with each other and make them familiar with each other's point of view. They perform precisely the function which is needed in China, and it is to be hoped that the necessity will give rise to the creation of the instruments for meeting it.

The financial question is at present giving the Chinese Government no little trouble. But, in my judgment, this is by no means the greatest of her difficulties. When once the national spirit is aroused and there is a feeling upon the part of the taxpayers that the Government makes an adequate return in service for the contributions made to support it, such will be the response that there will be no further necessity to resort to foreign loans. The material resources of China are ample for meeting the legitimate demands of the Government, and its statesmen are not lacking in financial ability. Japan has overcome greater difficulties on far smaller material resources. Given a national spirit in China as there is in Japan and there would be no difficulty in financing China from within.

To just what extent the reform in education has taken root is difficult to say, but undoubtedly some progress has been made. The Government examinations are no longer confined to the classics and the Chinese youth seems to be well pleased with the change, and even some of the literati were inclined to welcome the imperial edict of 1898 which inaugurated the reform. As there were no Chinese text-books to meet the need there at once arose a demand for foreign text-books and foreign instructors. In meeting this need, America played no inconsiderable part. It is of interest here to note that when the United States returned to China our share of the indemnity to be paid by her for suppressing the Boxer attack upon the legations, China set apart this fund for the purpose of defraying the expenses of educating a number of her brightest youths in American institutions. It is also interesting to note that many of these have shown exceptional ability in their chosen lines, and that almost none of them have chosen to specialize in the classics. These men return to China saturated with American ideas and are a powerful factor in advancing the educational reforms begun by the Government. The influence which this leavening process, due to an act of gen-

erosity upon the part of the United States, will exert upon Chinese educational and political institutions is immeasurable.

We cannot dismiss the question of the Chinese revolution without at least a passing reference to its diplomatic phase. As no new state can, in accordance with the rules of international law, come into full fellowship in the family of nations until its independence has been recognized by the other states, it is worth while noting that for some reason the other states have been slow to recognize the republic of China as a *de jure* state. The slowness of the United States in this respect is most difficult to understand. The fear of giving offence to the old régime cannot be a sufficient excuse; for the principles for which it stood did not appeal to us and it did not have the force to maintain itself and demand that we continue to recognize and deal with it as the *de jure* state. The old state melted away during the early days of the revolution, nor was there any convincing evidence that it would ever be revived. Under such conditions it would seem that not only international law but policy dictated that we should have acted promptly in welcoming the new republic into the family of nations. Hitherto our diplomatic policy with and concerning China has not only been in accordance with the highest code of diplomatic ethics but has commended itself from the standpoint of expediency. As a result of this broad and unselfish, yet thoroughly statesmanlike policy, the United States possessed the confidence and gratitude of the Chinese to a greater degree than did any other nation. And while it is to be hoped that we have not by delay sacrificed this friendly regard, promptness in recognizing the independence of the new republic would, in our judgment, have been far wiser policy, as it would have cemented the friendship already existing and increased our influence in shaping the destinies of what may be the greatest nation in east or west.

The new republic enters upon its career with an avowed foreign policy of close and harmonious relations with the world. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of those who have studied the situation fairly and carefully that this avowal is a sincere expression of the popular will as well as the will of the Government. The Chinese are by temperament and education lovers of peace. Their whole mental and moral fibre as well as their tra-

ditions and history put them out of the class of the crusader and the conqueror. The desire for aggression and conquest is an expression of radicalism, whereas the Chinese are conservatives par excellence. Ancestor worship does not take root except among a people of a conservative type of mind. And when once it is established it emphasizes and propagates the conservatism of which it is an outgrowth.

The one who cultivates the habit of shuddering or causing others to shudder at the "yellow peril" may as well calm himself and spare the feelings of his friends, if by "yellow peril" he means the possible danger of military aggressions by the Chinese. He shows an entire lack of appreciation of the character of the people whose course of conduct he is attempting to prophesy. He is either deceiving himself or attempting to deceive others. Unless we are mistaken, the cry was originally raised by Germany for the latter purpose, and incidentally to promote her own plans. If by "yellow peril" is meant the danger to the economic welfare of western nations arising out of a possible monopoly of production and commerce by the awakened Chinese, we think that there is not as yet a sufficient basis for becoming apprehensive. Taken in the large, an increase in the productivity and trade of one country has not resulted injuriously to the rest of the world, nor is there sufficient reason for concluding that it ever will. A due regard for the facts in the situation forces us to the conclusion that it is a weak and not a strong China that is a menace to the peace of the world and that therefore the real friends of peace will adopt a policy of strengthening the new republic and making easier its work of organizing the Chinese people into a nation, of modernizing its institutions, developing its resources, rather than by catch phrases, or inflated loans, seeking to embarrass and hamper a legitimate and laudable undertaking. Assuming, as is fair to assume, that the new republic of China expresses the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese people, the attitude of foreign nations toward it will furnish a fairly accurate test of how far international relations are governed by considerations of narrow selfishness.

FOREIGN TRADE AND SHIP SUBSIDIES

ANAN RAYMOND

THE amount of speaking and writing which have had as their subject "our merchant marine" would seem to be such as to preclude any necessity for further discussion of "ship subsidies," or of any other phase of the merchant marine question. Ever since the Civil War American scholars, American publicists, American shipowners, and American traders have been seeking the causes of the decay of our shipping industry, and proposing methods for restoring it. Hence, to give this much-exploited subject any present interest, some special occasion must exist. This special occasion the Panama Canal Bill, granting "free tolls" to ships in the American coastwise trade, and in its earlier stages proposing to give our foreign shipping the same privileges, has furnished us. Since American ships now have a monopoly of the coastwise trade, the former proposal, whether justifiable or not, did no more than to strengthen still further the position now occupied by the coastwise shipping industry. The latter proposal never became law; but, its purpose being to grant the equivalent of a subsidy to all American shipping using the canal route, it revived the whole question of the merchant marine and its restoration.

In the Congressional debates on this measure, its supporters gave special emphasis to their contention that "free tolls" would increase our foreign trade. Obviously, the American ships most affected by such a plan would be those in the trade with South America and the Orient. The reasoning of the supporters of "free tolls" was substantially as follows: South America and the Orient, of all parts of the world, furnish American producers the best market; one of the first preliminaries to the development of markets there must be the development of adequate facilities for transportation and communication; "free tolls," like a direct subsidy, will encourage shipbuilding and shipowning, and thus help to develop these facilities; hence "free tolls" will stimulate our foreign trade. In discussing the relation of the merchant marine and ship subsidies to our foreign commerce, subsidy

advocates everywhere have used the same logic. By means of it they attempt to prove that the result of a subsidy policy would be more than a mere development of carrying trade, and that its benefits would go to the whole producing public instead of to the shipping industry alone. This phase of the merchant marine question, namely, Would ship subsidies, or any other form of governmental aid to our merchant marine, increase our foreign commerce? is the subject of the present discussion.

Among the great commercial nations of the world, the United States is unique in having relatively the poorest overseas carrying trade. It has been said often, and with truth, that at one time our merchant marine and our carrying trade were justifiable causes of national pride rather than of national anxiety. In the days of wooden ships, materials for shipbuilding were plentiful; labor was cheap; the population of the Atlantic coast turned to seamanship as a natural means of livelihood. At home, shipbuilding flourished; abroad, our carrying trade grew at a rate so phenomenal as to threaten an American overthrow of British maritime supremacy. During the "forties" and "fifties" American bottoms carried over nine-tenths of the overseas trade of the United States. Even as late as the beginning of the Civil War, according to the Statistical Abstract of the Bureau of Statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor, more than sixty-five per cent. of our total foreign commerce was carried in American ships. The Yankee sailor and the Yankee clipper ship were supreme; American ships, manned by Americans, were carrying the Stars and Stripes into every seaport of the world.

The years just following the Civil War witnessed the beginnings of that decline in the shipping industry which has resulted in the present condition of our merchant marine. To this decline the war may have contributed; but had it been the sole or even the principal cause, our shipping industry, once the war was over, would have recovered. The real reason, first of all, was the substitution in construction of iron for wood and in motive power of steam for wind, robbing us of the advantage which our vast forests had given us, and putting a corresponding premium upon England's cheap iron. At the same time, the protective tariff and the high productivity of American industry, aided to some

extent by our navigation laws, made the labor-cost of both construction and operation practically prohibitive; while the need of internal improvements, and the rich returns to be had from railroad and other inland investments, drew American capital away from the sea. So rapid and so thorough was this decay of our former maritime supremacy that by the end of the century foreign ships were carrying more than ninety per cent. of our own overseas commerce. Last year, again quoting the Statistical Abstract, our own ships carried but 8.2 per cent. of our foreign trade. Our sail tonnage is unequalled by any other in the world; our coastwise carrying trade, of which American ships have a monopoly, is in a flourishing condition; but in the overseas carrying trade we seem wholly unable to compete with foreign ship-owners. Hence the cry that "the American flag has disappeared from the seas," and hence the demand for "rehabilitation of the American merchant marine." That the next Congress will have to deal with a renewal of this demand is indicated both by the public interest taken in the proposal of "free tolls" for American ships in the foreign trade, and by the fact that the Democratic party platform contains a general declaration in favor of restoration of the merchant marine.

Past experience also indicates that the demand will take the form of a "ship subsidy" proposal. "Ship subsidies" are of two kinds, which, as Professor E. R. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania points out, may be roughly classed as "general" and "special." (*Ocean and Inland Water Transportation*, 301.) A general subsidy is a bounty, for either construction, or navigation, or both, granted to owners of all ships in the American registry, whether in the charter or in the line traffic. The basis of the payment may be tonnage and speed, cargo capacity, or distance sailed, and payments may or may not be limited to vessels above a minimum size and speed. A special subsidy or subvention, on the other hand, is a special-purpose bounty granted only to owners of ships sailing in scheduled lines between specified ports; its benefits are confined to what is sometimes called "line tonnage." Its amount may be determined by speed, distance sailed, or cargo capacity, or by contract between shipowner and Government, the latter setting a maximum above which payments

cannot go. Both plans generally provide that the vessels affected shall be manned in part at least by American citizens, shall carry the United States mails, and shall be at the disposal of the Government in time of war.

The plan embodied in the majority report of the Merchant Marine Commission, appointed by Congress in 1906 to investigate the shipping industry, was a composite one, providing both for a general tonnage bounty on all American ships in the foreign trade, and for lump-sum grants to ten special lines. The latter, or special subvention feature of the plan, is the one now urged the more vigorously by subsidy advocates, especially by those who believe that by building up an American ocean carrying trade we can increase our foreign commerce. Some of them, in fact, go so far as to say that the difference between a general and a special subsidy is one of purpose—the object of the former being to develop the overseas carrying trade, of the latter to develop foreign commerce.

What results, that will repay our financial outlay, can we expect from the adoption of a special subsidy policy? What will justify expending public money in building up American steamship lines, and by means of them an American carrying trade? Clearly, the carrying trade itself will not. Shipbuilders and shipowners, before the Merchant Marine Commission in 1906, estimated the cost of construction and operation as from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. greater for the American than for the foreigner. Because of this handicap, imposed upon the American builder and owner by our industrial conditions, foreigners can carry our foreign commerce more cheaply than we. True, by overcoming this handicap by direct or indirect bonuses from the federal treasury, we can enable our shipowners to compete with foreigners. When we do this, however, we lose the amount of our bonus, without necessarily lowering rates on our goods. That where foreigners can produce commodities more cheaply than Americans, the latter save money by buying such goods where they are sold at the lowest price, is an economic truism applying to the production of transportation service as well as to the production of coffee or Swiss watches. By granting subsidies to enterprises otherwise unprofitable, and thereby encouraging American cap-

ital to enter them, we keep that capital out of enterprises which need no bounties. To make good their argument that a carrying trade of our own would save us three hundred millions yearly in foreign freights, therefore, subsidy advocates must prove that by saving this freight-money at one place we would not lose a great deal more money somewhere else in our national economy. As Professor Meeker of Princeton puts it, "If we pay Englishmen, Germans, or Norwegians ever so many millions of dollars for doing services which would cost us a great deal more if we performed them ourselves, there is nothing but economic gain in the transaction." (*Ship Subsidies*, 206.)

A great many subsidy advocates, however, are willing to forgo their claim that ship subsidies would save us foreign freight charges, in order, as noted above, to insist that in the coming struggle for the markets of the world an American merchant marine is such a necessary weapon that the federal Government must intervene in its behalf. Their argument reads substantially as follows: Our greatest commercial need is *new markets*; in obtaining these markets, the first step must be to establish direct and regular lines of transportation between America and the places where these new markets are being developed; to obtain such lines the Government, in order to overcome the foreign competitor's present advantage, must discriminate in favor of American ships. Following this logic another step, they demand that the Government subsidize steamship lines between the United States and the principal ports of the Orient, Africa, and South America. The primary object of such a measure, they say, would be not to "rehabilitate the merchant marine," but to increase our foreign trade, insure ourselves a market for our constantly increasing output of manufactures, and provide for our commercial future.

Now, that one of our greatest commercial needs is new markets, to replace the European fields which we are in constant danger of overworking, is undoubtedly true. It seems probable, as Secretary Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor has suggested, that our future growth in foreign trade must be chiefly in manufactured goods. For a place to sell such goods and buy raw products in return we must go to the newer industrial fields,

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of which South America is for us the most conspicuous example. But that in order to obtain such markets we must pay bounties to an otherwise money-losing industry is another and vastly different conclusion. That, in our trade with South America and the Orient, we are not keeping the pace set by England and Germany may be true; but that this failure is due to lack of subsidized shipping remains unproved, and has little, aside from the assertions of those who "view with alarm" the fact that "the American flag has disappeared from the seas," to support it.

Its lack of more substantial foundation is shown first of all by the fact that since the Civil War, in spite of the admitted decline of the American shipping industry, the amount of our foreign commerce has steadily increased. The following statistics, covering our total imports and exports, the amounts carried by land and by sea, respectively, and the proportion of the overseas trade carried in American vessels, are sufficient to show that a prosperous foreign commerce by no means depends upon a prosperous overseas carrying trade:

Year Ended June 30	Total by Land & Sea	By Land Vehicles	By Sea	In Am. Vessels
1861	\$584,995,066		\$584,995,006	65.2
1865	604,412,996		604,412,996	27.7
1875	1,219,434,544	\$20,388,235	1,199,046,309	26.2
1885	1,319,717,084	45,332,775	1,274,384,309	15.3
1891	1,729,397,006	72,856,194	1,656,540,812	12.5
1896	1,662,331,612	96,666,204	1,565,665,408	12.0
1901	2,310,937,156	159,001,745	2,151,935,411	8.2
1906	2,970,426,946	280,412,387	2,690,014,559	12.0
1911	3,576,546,304	365,058,039	3,211,488,265	8.8

Nor is our export trade with the "new markets" our manufacturers are trying to develop in such condition as to demand or justify federal relief for our shipping industry. As a matter of fact, our trade with these countries, notably South America, already shows increase far beyond that which our commercial methods entitle us to expect. During the last ten years the yearly amounts of our exports to the Orient and South America have been as follows:

FOREIGN TRADE AND SHIP SUBSIDIES 453

Year Ending June 30	Asia and Oceania	South America
1901	\$84,783,113	\$44,400,195
1902	98,202,118	38,043,617
1903	95,827,528	41,137,872
1904	92,002,028	50,755,027
1905	161,584,056	56,894,131
1906	140,593,361	75,159,781
1907	133,889,857	82,157,174
1908	148,574,047	83,583,919
1909	101,463,560	76,561,680
1910	111,751,900	93,246,820
1911	151,489,741	108,894,894
1912	189,398,148	132,310,451

In the Orient we are more than holding our own, and have surpassed the record set in 1905. In South America, where in the nature of things we should predominate, and where we must look for much of our hoped-for increase in export trade, our gains have on the whole been steady and consistent. Since 1901 the value of our exports to South America has practically trebled; in the year 1910-11 it increased about sixteen per cent.; in the year 1911-12 it increased more than twenty-one per cent. That this is not merely part of a general increase is clearly shown, also, by the fact that since 1901 our exports to the Orient have increased from 5.7 to 8.59 per cent., and our exports to South America from 2.98 to 6.0 per cent. of our total export trade. These facts do not mean that the increases have been altogether satisfactory, or that improvement of shipping facilities would not have made them still greater; but they do shed new light upon subsidy exponents' sweeping declaration that "failure to aid our shipping is ruining our export trade."

The truth is that while passenger and freight facilities between the United States and South America are not so good as between Europe and South America, this condition is an effect and not a cause of whatever trade sluggishness exists. The same is true of our trade with the Orient. This opinion our representatives in these countries most emphatically indorse. A single quotation from John Barrett will suffice: "The number of

freight vessels running from New York, for example, to all sections of Latin America, is sufficiently large, and their sailings are frequent enough, to take care of all the freight that is offered." Again: "Considering the east coast of South America, under which are comprehended Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, it can be noted that there are abundant freight facilities for all the business that is offered either way." (*Scientific American*, 105:46. July 15, 1911.)

The whole theory of special grants to shipping, for the sake of the trade expected therefrom, is wrong. It is a mere restatement of the doctrine that "trade follows the flag." Let American exporters obtain the trade, let them create a demand for their goods, and shipping facilities will not long be wanting. This is no less true of Oceania and other newly developed commercial fields, than experience has already shown it to be of South America. When Europe needed American goods, and Americans intelligently supplied European wants, transportation lines developed without governmental interference. Instead of attempting to develop steamship lines for the sake of export trade, it would be far more logical to reverse the process and develop export trade for the sake of steamship lines.

What must be our first step in obtaining these markets? "Obviously," says the exponent of subsidies, "the provision of a way to carry our goods—the establishment of direct steamship lines." Did it not ignore the real reasons for our failure fully and properly to develop these markets, this bland assertion would furnish the key to the whole situation. Why do England, Germany, France, and even Italy outsell us in South America? Why are the Germans our commercial superiors in many quarters of the Orient? Because they, better than we, understand what the South Americans and the Orientals want. Our first step must be, not to grant bounties to shipping lines, but to study the South American and Oriental markets, adopt commercial methods rationally adapted thereto, and gain a sane comprehension of the needs and desires of our hoped-for customers. At the Pan-American Commercial Congress held in February of last year, the thing most strongly emphasized was the American exporter's and manufacturer's failure to suit their wares to their customers. The

American attitude seems to be "There are the goods as our factory turns them out. If you don't want them that way, we can't—and won't—do business with you." True, in many ways the odds are against the American; but it is the conditions obtaining in the markets themselves, and our failure to meet these conditions as successfully as some of our European rivals, not lack of subsidized shipping, that are responsible for any failure of our exporters to "strike pay-dirt" in these rich commercial fields. The special agents of the Department of Commerce and Labor, sent to South America to investigate trade conditions there, report the following reasons for American lack of success: The peculiar conservatism of the South American market, and the tendency of the people to cling tenaciously to the goods to which they have been accustomed; the unwillingness of Americans to extend credits as freely as Europeans; European ability to produce cheap goods, inferior to American goods in quality, but better adapted to South American purses; American methods of packing goods for shipment; the spasmodic character of American enterprise, and the lack of permanent American investments; the personal tastes of South America's large foreign population; the limited number of American consuls and other commercial representatives; lack of American banks; above all, lack of attention to the thousand and one details and niceties which determine the buyer's choice of goods—failure to remember that the goods are being sold not in the United States but in South America.

In remedying these conditions, not in subsidizing our shipping, lies the secret of successful export trade. If our commercial progress in Asia and the islands of the Pacific lags behind that of our European competitors, the reasons are the same as in South America. The same is true wherever we fail to outsell Europeans. When we obtain the trade we shall have the ships, without postal aid, discriminating duties, Government shipping bounties, or free Panama canal tolls. To say that we must have the ships to obtain the trade, and buy them with money from the federal treasury, is, most emphatically, to get the cart where the horse ought to be.

Without considering the social and economic objections to

such discrimination in favor of an industry otherwise unprofitable, without speculating upon the danger of political corruption, or upon the practical certainty of foreign retaliation, it is plain that federal subsidies cannot restore the American merchant shipping, or give us back our lost carrying trade. Even if they could do so, so long as foreigners can carry goods more cheaply than we, the carriage of our own exports is no national gain. Finally, we cannot hope to increase our foreign trade, to grasp and develop the new markets our manufacturers need, to insure our commercial future, by ignoring ordinary business precautions in favor of a revised version of the doctrine that "trade follows the flag."

Development of foreign commerce must necessarily precede development of shipping. There can be no foreign commerce without shipping facilities; but to demand that the nation buy ships in the hope of developing trade with South America or the Orient is as unreasonable as to expect the owner of a department store to begin delivering goods before he has customers. When we remove the real causes of the slow development of our trade with these markets, we shall not have long to wait for adequate shipping facilities.

Our merchant shipping itself needs less, not more, governmental interference. For this we can provide by altering our navigation laws so as to permit American citizens to buy ships wherever they can obtain them the cheapest. Admit such ships to the American registry, and allow them to fly the American flag. Such a policy may not encourage shipbuilding, but if it be true, as some subventionists tell us, that our shipyards are a great part of the time empty and idle, then "free ships" will at least supply such yards with repair work. Such vessels will supply the national advertisement which some of our consuls say we need. Manned regardless of the nationality of their crews, they can escape part of the handicap of high American wages, and make shipowning once more a profitable American investment. By means of such American-owned vessels we can "put the American flag upon the high seas," and help to restore some of the lost glory of the American merchant marine.

PARENTHOOD AND THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

SETH K. HUMPHREY

IN its regulation of the individual, society makes progress by working backward from effect to cause. Beginning with simple repression of the offending citizen, with no inquiry into the reason for his offence, it has made its way downward through the various stages of citizenship in the making, undertaking successively the instruction of youth; the protection of childhood; the nurture of infants; the oversight of childbirth; and now, some communities impose conditions for expectant mothers.

With a growing appreciation of the advantage to be had in a good start, society, with its rules and regulations, has crept back almost to, but has never put its finger upon, the starting-point—parenthood. The business of citizen-making has developed a fine choice of methods, but no choice of material. Human material is still supplied at haphazard, as in the days of Moses.

Now comes the eugenicist. Extolling intelligent environmental work as indispensable to racial development, he points out that, because parenthood is not made a part of betterment schemes, much of the effort to bring happiness to this generation is multiplying hereditary unfitness to plague the next.

For the first lesson in eugenics this important fact of heredity should be fixed in the mind: acquired characteristics, except in the comparatively rare cases of systemic poisoning, are not transmitted in any appreciable degree to the next generation. The child draws its inherent powers and limitations from only those characteristics of both parents which they in turn inherited; the traits which environment has impressed upon them—granting a normal state of health—are excluded from the child's inheritance.

Thus the social worker should know that, however he may succeed in suppressing the bad and developing the good traits in an individual, his efforts no more affect the traits which that individual is carrying in store for his offspring than they affect his fingernails, or the color of his eyes. To be sure, the re-

claimed person will be inclined to impress upon his child the same good influences which have been impressed upon him; in this sense, environmental effects survive the generation in hand. They go down to posterity so long as posterity passes them along. They are the essence of civilization, and each generation may add to them, or subtract from them—for better, or for worse. But the point is that acquired characteristics must be impressed upon each succeeding generation, or they lapse; while hereditary traits persist of themselves through the generations, quite unaffected by environment.

Equipped with the knowledge that no amount of environmental effort is going to rid the race of hereditary defects, the eugenicist may well be genuinely alarmed by the fact that the rate of increase among the hereditarily unfit is out of all proportion to that of the normal population. The rise in fecundity with the drop in social worth is one of the appalling facts of society. It operates with mathematical sureness to depress the *average individual worth*,—and upon this, not upon numbers, the stability of society depends.

A careless optimism enables most of us to pass this sociological fact at every turn of the road without recognizing its true import. The swarms of noisy children in the slums, and the serene stillness in the abodes of the well-to-do, impress us as contrasts, not as conditions equally threatening the social order. The woman with a worthless husband who comes in on “scrubbing-day” may enlist our sympathy because of her six children, but our minds stop short of projecting upon future generations those six children of a degenerate man, as against our own two, or one, or none. Yet his children, and theirs again, doubtless will be as prolific as he, and ours as unprolific as we. And so it is with incapables generally,—we pity, we aid, but we mentally detach them as of no account in the social structure, whereas they are among the chief builders of it. The significance of the one function in which they excel is lost to the casual observer in their noisome lack of excellence in every other respect, but it is impressed mightily upon dispensaries, almshouses, State institutions, maternity hospitals, rescue homes, and charitable organizations. The International Eugenics Congress, recently held in

London, thus voiced the situation: "The fertility of the helpless is alarming; the procreation of their kind seems to be their only industry."

Every civilization since the world began has gone down before the disintegrating effect of the disproportionate increase of the unfit, the incapable and the mediocre. And now, the situation in England moves her distinguished eugenicist, Doctor Saleeby, to say: "I am of nothing more certain than that the choice for Great Britain to-day is between national eugenics and the fate of all her imperial predecessors from Babylon to Spain."

In the United States there are now nearly a million in public institutions, while a careful survey indicates at least three millions more, incapable of self-support, who are more or less looked after privately. Thus, about four per cent. of the population is already negative, a dead load upon society. And the significant point is that a very high proportion of this anti-social multitude is recruited, not from the normal population as is often carelessly assumed, but from its own progeny, and its rapid increase is mainly chargeable to its extraordinary capacity to reproduce. Once we have come to regard the defective class as a self-perpetuating body, the natural method of elimination will surprise us by its obviousness.

Nature, when left to her own devices, maintains the vigor of a species by ruthless destruction of the unfit. She reproduces lavishly, but only the most alert escape the perils of infancy, and swift death overtakes the decrepit. The fit survive to perpetuate the species. Man alone reverses the process of natural selection. The fitter he is to become the father of the race, the more he evades the responsibility, and the greater is his zeal in assisting the less fit to produce the bulk of the next generation. Excepting the few institutions which *permanently* segregate a small percentage of the incapables, nearly all our modern humanitarian devices serve not only to perpetuate the hereditarily unfit whom nature would destroy, but also to facilitate their reproduction. And yet, the eugenicist rightly hails all intelligent social work as vital and necessary parts of the eugenic programme. Not one backward step would he take. But he sees disaster in thus discarding nature's rough scheme for maintaining a safe balance of

fitness, without at the same time providing a substitute scheme. Our folly is not at all in saving a greater proportion of the babies born, but in not seeing to it that a greater proportion of the babies born are worth saving.

This puts us squarely upon the starting-point of all race improvement and race deterioration—parenthood. While the greater work of eugenics—and, indeed, the only hope for actual race *improvement*—lies in a wholesale promotion of a better parenthood among the fit, the more immediate and desperate necessity is to rid the race of its paralyzing inheritance of unfitness by denying parenthood to the hereditarily unfit. A rigid enforcement of this prohibition throughout the lifetime of one single generation would lift three-quarters of the load of incapables from the generations following. Of course, our finite knowledge of nature's workings makes rigidity of action unthinkable, and completeness of result out of question; but it is enough to-day to take us well along in the great work of race *preservation*.

What are the means available for preventing parenthood? There are two,—segregation, and sterilization. Those who think there is a third,—denial of marriage,—have slim acquaintance with incapables.

Segregation of the feeble-minded and insane as a means for giving them proper care has been practised for generations, but the consequent denial of parenthood has been, at least until recently, merely an incident of their confinement, not the object of it. Few realize how pitifully inadequate is society's protection of the feeble-minded. The New York State Board of Charities says in its last report:

“There are about 30,000 feeble-minded persons in the State of New York, of whom 4,000 are intermittently sequestered, while 26,000, who are a menace to society, are at liberty and may reproduce the unfit.”

Then follows a chart of one pair of these “at liberty,” showing eleven offspring, *one* of whom, a daughter, gave birth to ten children. The fertility of the others is not shown. Every one surviving of those twenty-one children was feeble-minded.

Massachusetts finds room in her institutions for, possibly, one

out of five or six of her miseries. She turns away two-thirds of those driven by pitiful necessity to seek her protection. Says the last Trustee's report:

"We have been obliged to refuse a very large number of applicants for the admission of feeble-minded women—many of whom have given birth to one or more children . . . The prolific progeny of these women almost without exception are public charges from the date of their birth."

Conditions do not flatter our social intelligence. The helplessly idiotic and the insane are fairly taken care of, but the numerous class variously known as "high-grade imbecile," "defective delinquent," "moron," "borderliner," is left in the community,—the man, shifty, alcoholic, thieving, unworkable, habitually in jail; the woman, with enough wit to make a dissolute living but not enough wit to avoid child-bearing,—the prolific mother of incapables,—what of her? Medical science and charity await her call with everything needful to make her irresponsibility complete. Society does its very best for her at the particular moment when she is doing her very worst for society,—then turns her adrift again, because "she can take care of herself!" The records show many of these women returning to leave their bits of defective humanity, not merely once, but three, four, five, and as many as *fourteen* times.

It is universally conceded that a high proportion of habitual criminals, paupers, prostitutes, vagrants, and incapables generally, are mentally defective; that feeble-mindedness is the keystone of the whole miserable arch; that of all characteristics it is the most certain in its heredity, yielding a self-perpetuating, self-increasing army of miseries. In the face of these facts, our civilized communities may as well dispense with soft excuses and admit that the slipshod handling of the feeble-minded approaches criminal stupidity.

We need wholly to reverse our view as to which is the defective's greater offence,—making a social burden of himself, or leaving six behind him to become social burdens. As we succeed in learning that irresponsibles cannot be punished into a state of responsibility, our eternal penalizing of them will give place to sustained and sympathetic care. But their procreating

with our "God speed you" will cease. Some day we will follow up and isolate the carriers of mental defect for the same reason that we now follow up and isolate the carriers of small-pox or the plague. The sum of human misery in this country due to every contagious disease is not one-tenth that entailed by inherited mental defect.

Adequate treatment of the situation by segregation alone would require, at least, a five-fold increase of institutional facilities. But it is conceivable that a large number, whose chief social menace is their capacity for parenthood, might safely be at large, if rendered sterile. This method of denying parenthood is being widely discussed, both in this country and Europe. Vasectomy, the comparatively new operation for men, is attended by no danger, only a day's inconvenience, and entails no nervous disturbance, or constitutional change other than the one sought. The operation for women, though less simple, is similar in its effects. Eight States have enacted sterilization laws, and others are considering the problem.

In this eagerness to take up with a new remedy, the older and more natural method, segregation, seems to have been lost sight of. The chief difficulty with the laws enacted, paradoxical as it may seem, is that they make sterilization compulsory. A deep-seated prejudice in the public mind against enforced mutilation of the body certainly will militate against their effective enforcement. Officials generally in the several States are too fearful of criticism even to make a beginning. In this connection the experience in Indiana is of the greatest significance. For several years vasectomy has been practised in one of her institutions, but *without* compulsion; every one of nearly 800 men and boys operated upon submitted voluntarily. In this general willingness of the unfortunates to have their miseries ended with themselves is contained the suggestion that sterilization should *always* be voluntary; that, instead of a *sterilization* law, there might better be a *parenthood* law, embodying both methods. Let it forbid compulsory sterilization, but to those among the unfit who may be safely at large, offer the choice between sterilization with liberty, and segregation; and impose segregation upon the remainder, without sterilization. In this manner the benefits of

sterilization could be secured without so much as touching the question of enforced mutilation. Indiana's experience indicates that the incapables to whom it should be offered would quite generally regard it as a trifling penalty to pay for liberty.

Of the two methods, segregation is unquestionably the more desirable, from the viewpoint of society's welfare. With some show of reason its advocates ask: Why should we strive to rid future generations of the socially unfit, and ourselves endure their contaminating presence? But there is this vital difference: with us, the unfit are living human beings, entitled to our consideration as unfortunates, while the hope for the future is that their kind shall not have been born. Denial of parenthood by segregation alone, on a scale to be at all effective, would compel a wholesale deprivation of liberty that could not hope for public approval. No matter how pleasant, how devoid of stigma, their confinement might be made, nor how greatly improved their condition of living, a persistently unthinking public would not get far beyond the view that next to the supreme penalty was being visited upon men and women who have always been regarded as fairly tolerable in the community. With this view the more intelligent of those confined would heartily concur.

A discreet offering of the choice of methods would tend to allay prejudices against both. Once the vital necessity for denying parenthood to the unfit is recognized, there need be no battle over methods. Doubtless public opinion would at first incline toward a quite free offering of sterile liberty. Permanently segregated would be only those with unfitness so apparent and menacing as to make them dangerous to public peace and morals. Into this class, for obvious reasons, a large proportion of women unfortunates *should* fall, but it is doubtful whether public opinion would at first acquiesce in denying them a childless freedom. The segregation method would gain favor only as those released demonstrated their unfitness for liberty. Both methods should be allowed to work their own way into public opinion,—the danger in forcing a contest between methods would lie in falling between them and administering neither.

The prime essential is a public convinced that hereditary defectiveness is our most awful social burden, and that it is in

large measure preventable. There is no need, at first, for strict definitions. A parenthood law should not attempt to be specific; rather, it should broadly cover hereditary unfitness, not with the expectation of at once reaching all whom it should reach, but to admit of increasing its scope as our knowledge increases and popular approval is won. Public opinion and official inertia may be counted upon to keep its application well within reasonable limits.

In this new field of effort, as in its earlier undertakings with the individual, society doubtless will work backward to fundamentals. The parenthood idea will have gained a start when every person under institutional care is examined with regard to fitness for parenthood before liberty is granted; it will have materially progressed when the examination is extended to the army of "repeaters"—alcoholics, prostitutes, petty criminals, unworkables—whose incessant delinquencies engage four-fifths of all corrective and charitable effort; but it will not have arrived at the beginning until an unobtrusive scrutiny of *all children* under the age of puberty singles out those whose characteristics suggest a study of their history and antecedents for hereditary defect. So instinctive is the propensity of defectives to reproduce that the really preventative work must begin with childhood. It might end there, did not our imperfect knowledge of heredity preclude, in many cases, an early forecast of unfitness for parenthood. Much hereditary defectiveness which cannot be recognized in childhood demonstrates itself in the Juvenile Court; but delinquency must never be mistaken for hereditary defect, and a proper caution will compel the search for unfit parenthood at every stage of life.

And may Heaven preserve us from an unfeeling dogmatism in this business of dealing with those who have fared so poorly in their heritage. A fitting sense of man's crude understanding of his fellowman will leave the work forever incomplete. But in some measure to end with unfortunates now living defective traits which have come down, perhaps, through countless generations; to lessen misery born of misery again and again; this is the alluring prospect in the new field of social endeavor. What better thing can we do for these who are to come after us?

MARY

VICTOR STARBUCK

WHERE the red lights flare and gleam,
Lotos buds on poisoned stream,
Like the siren of a dream

Waiteth Mary.

Where the human eddies ebb
There she spins her shining web—
Shameless Mary.

Under doorways gloomy-dim
Doth she spread her snare for him—
Lips that burn and eyes that swim—
Painted Mary.

Ah, the tainted, tortured flesh,
Caught, thyself, within the mesh,
Pallid Mary!

Yea, but whom awaitest thou?
Tender eyes and pitying brow—
Hoped He will greet thee now,
Friendless Mary?
He who touched the Magdalene,
Made her stainless, white and clean,
Blessed Mary?

Nay, but He was bruised and torn,
Done to death by hands of scorn,
Scourge and cross and crown of thorn,
Lonely Mary.
He, rejected and despised,
Shamed, like thee, and sacrificed,
Pitied Mary.

Those who seek thee pity not;
When their passion is forgot
Leave thee here to waste and rot,
 Hapless Mary.
Honestly thy price they pay,
Take their pleasure, go their way—
What art thou to such as they,
 Hopeless Mary?

A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

II

The Times of Prosperity

IT is one of the most difficult tasks in historical perspective to see, and justly to emphasize, the place that Ireland once held in the polity of the nations. In spite of the fact that the historian, in older days, took high honor among her people, Ireland at the moment entirely lacks her national history. It has been thwarted because that of which it speaks, her national life, has first been thwarted; and also because the historian, the brehon and the poet, as the custodians of the honor of the national life—or, as Bacon characteristically called them, “their poets or heralds that enchant them in savage manners and sundry other such dregs of barbarism and rebellion”—were deliberately stamped out by the oppressor. So successful has this been that, until the last few years, the national point of view, an indispensable agent in the writing of history, has entirely been lost. The historians of epochs of her life have almost invariably been historians of the point of view of the Pale, with the result that Irish history has become no more than a backwater of English history. And those periods when England did not come into the field, and when Ireland held a distinguished traffic with other nations, have been sedulously avoided.

Some of the simplest examples may be given, taken from Ireland's contact with her nearest neighbors. In few school-histories is it taught, and in fewer more dignified histories is it recorded, that the inhabitants of Erin were known as Scots, and that the country now known as Scotland received that name because of the large number of colonists from the mother-land of Ireland. But it is faithfully recorded in most English histories that England was first evangelized in a certain year by St. Augustine. In the first place it may be said that to speak in that sense of England is after all only a pleasing fallacy. The Jutes

in Kent were so evangelized; but they had little more to do with the other peoples in the other parts of the island than to make war on such of them as they could reach. Yet, if the geographical fallacy be conceded, the record is an untrue one. The geographical borders of present England were first evangelized, not from Rome, but from Ireland: from the Irish missionaries of Iona, who preached in Northumbria, who founded monasteries and schools there, and from whom the English poet Cædmon received his education and his inspiration. The Irish Church was, virtually, independent of the Roman See; and it was for some time in the balances whether ecclesiastical England would be governed from Ireland or from Rome.

The enthusiasm of Englishmen for England has been lauded as a virtue, whereas the enthusiasm of Irishmen for Ireland has been denounced, with pathetic ingenuousness, as a vice. Nevertheless, during the past few years, some historians have arisen to regard Irish history from the Irish point of view: they have resumed the old tradition of Celtic learning and national concern, at the cost of much bitter hostility; and it is becoming possible to see the noteworthy part that Ireland once played in the polity of nations, and to discover her greatness, even in the days when needy adventurers from England laid waste her borders.

When Christianity was brought to Ireland it was not brought, as with other nations evangelized about the same time, to a country where it also meant the advent of culture and learning; and therefore it did not produce any violent breaking away from the past. The life of the nation was not greatly altered: the spirit of the people remained the same, with only a change in the terms of its self-expression. The literature of the people shows this very clearly. The poets before the coming of Christianity praised nature with understanding and love; and the poets in Christian times, whether priests or bards, continued to do so in the same spirit. The arts and learning, similarly, were not altered; they were merely expanded; for the priests neither created them nor monopolized their practice, but rather joined themselves to the artists and scholars that already existed. In few of the poets is there heard that false piety, that denial of natural beauty, that fierce desire to mortify healthy desires, that

are heard elsewhere, and that betoken the life of a nation being turned from its apt direction. Under such a king as Ollamh Fodla (he who established the Feis of Tara) in the vague years before the Christian era, or such a man as Comac mac Art (A.D. 245), culture had necessarily received a notable impetus: an impetus for which its polity, with the emphasis on the arts and learning, was naturally fitted. And that this culture must have had its influence beyond the national borders, is certain. The very name given to Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 358) implies so much. Moreover Tacitus speaks of trade with Ireland by the merchants of Eastern Europe; and Ptolemy of Alexandria tells of its harbors, its ports and its tribes.

Indeed the position of the island was favorable for this. The centre of the world power then was in the Mediterranean, and, whereas its military conquest would proceed best by land, its trade would best be carried by water. That is to say, that whereas the conquest of Ireland would proceed by way of England (implying a previous conquest there) Ireland would yet lie in the immediate track of trade directly it cleared the Mediterranean. And this was what, in the event, happened. Ireland was never brought into subjection by any of the ambitious empires of the world, although, together with Cornwall, which also shared the geographical advantage, it was brought within the area of a gentler interchange by the mediary of trade.

Thus, in the centuries before the Danish inroads, culture was so active in Ireland, and so well organized, that it spread abroad to influence other peoples along the natural routes thus provided. In the year 574 A.D. Dallan Forgaill, the chief poet of Ireland, devised a scheme for the reorganization of public education. A central college was provided for each of the five provinces, and minor colleges were apportioned to each tuath. They were endowed with lands; and the education provided in them was free to all, with a range that did not fail in completeness. In languages the native Irish and Latin were chiefly studied, while Greek held a place second to them; geography, "synchronisms," history, arithmetic, law and poetry, were taught, together with the range of philosophy, in a course that was laid out to continue for twelve years, each year having its prescribed discipline. Besides

these schools there were the professional schools, for the training of poets, brehons, doctors, musicians, and historians, under private ownership. There were also the monastic schools, that were free for laymen as well as for intending churchmen, where "Gaelic grammar and literature, history, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and music" were taught, as well as the stricter ecclesiastical course. Nor were these last always under churchmen. Poets and others on occasion took control. Those who won distinction in these schools were held in high honor by the people, and had varying privileges apportioned to them, in accordance with their rank in learning, by the stipulations of the Brehon laws. The highest in rank, the ollave, sat next to the King, and could extend sanctuary over fugitives.

During these four centuries or so, between the coming of Christianity and the beginning of the Scandinavian raids, Ireland was unquestionably the most cultured and learned nation in Europe, and was spoken of as the Island of Saints and Scholars, *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*. She carried her learning and culture abroad. She evangelized England. Her monks and scholars, by direct trade-ways, crossed to France and Spain, travelled all over Europe crying their free wares, struck north to the Frisian Sea and east to Thrace, until it was said that the only speakers of Greek on the Continent were either Irishmen or the students of Irish travelling scholars. They began a revival of learning in all places where they went. We have seen that Cædmon, who may perhaps be called the beginner of English non-bardic poetry, received his instruction in one of the schools so established. Charlemagne helped them to establish others; and indications of their wanderings may be traced through France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy; while they were even before the Norwegians in Iceland, having, doubtless, been pushed up thitherwards by way of their colonization of Scotland (Alba, more strictly) and the Hebrides.

It was unlikely that scholars should bear learning abroad in this way without attracting many to their own island. And, indeed, as we know both from direct references and by the provisions in the Brehon laws for the responsibility of foreign students, the schools and colleges in Ireland extended their

hospitality to many strangers, from the countries of Europe and even from Egypt. In the civil economy of the Brehon system fosterage and gossiprede were much in favor: parents would foster their children with those who undertook their care, and to whom they owed certain dues. Indeed, it was largely owing to this that strangers in the land were so rapidly drawn into the life of the nation. And those children who came into the national schools were fostered by the responsible head of the school. He was not responsible for any misdeeds of his other scholars, but for the children of foreigners he was responsible since they were his foster-children. The chief of these came from England: "in fleet-loads," as Aldheim the bishop of Sherborne declared.

How truly this culture must have been drawn into the national life may be seen from the fact that, whether the schools were lay or ecclesiastical, they were based on the tribal organization of the nation.* The culture was not a thing remote from the life of the people; it was not, it could not have been, the expression of a cult that had little interest for the national life, and which the people therefore regarded with carelessness or hostility, such as prevails in modern distinctions of philistine and bohemian. Each tuath had its school, that was maintained out of the tribal lands; and each province had its college. In fact it is inconceivable that a zeal for learning so distinguished could have come out of any other system. Culture, and distinction in the arts and refinements of life, have always been the prerogative of small units of people: huge areas, and large populations, especially with centralized governments, invariably are unlettered and crude in the perception of the graces and distinctions of life.

As the lay schools were, so were the ecclesiastical; for the ecclesiastical system gained its flexibility, and its identity with the nation's life, by being based on the tribal organization. It may be more truly said that it was kneaded into the tribal organization, having no separate system. Each tribe had its bishop, who was an indispensable part of the court of the tribal chief. Monasteries were under the spiritual direction of such a bishop;

*See the first of these articles, *The Ancient Polity*, in the *March Forum*.

who were even elected on the same principle that stood for the choice of chiefs and kings. And in this way the ecclesiastical schools became as much an expression of general culture as the lay schools. From the very necessity of the system the whole people were entitled to share in the fame that Ireland won in other lands for learning and for culture.

Such was the state in the years before the Scandinavians swept down from the northern seas. Keeping the open fairway of the Atlantic on the great arc of their journey round from Norway to the Mediterranean, they were not slow to discover the excellent harbors and inlets on the west coast of the island. Moreover, since they were freebooters and not traders, the trade-way that existed there served their turn well. They burst in and robbed church and monastery of the rich stores housed there, whether relics or works of art. They pillaged and harassed the coast; sent raiding parties inland; ravaging everywhere. They swept round the east coast of the island too, between Ireland and England; and on one side and the other, established settlements for themselves. Dublin, Wexford, Waterford and Limerick were the chief of these; in them the settlements continued long after the Scandinavian power had finally been destroyed, and provided the first foothold for subsequent invasions of the foreigner.

Yet, though they destroyed the safety of the trade-way, and carried destruction along the shore, they gained no permanent foothold, except in the four strongholds already mentioned. Wherever else they settled, they were soon drawn into the national life, and, in a generation or so, they could not be distinguished from the original population. This has always been so with settlers in Ireland. In the later days of the English invasion much of the bitter oppression dealt out to the Irish was chiefly owing to this,—that the English settlers were so rapidly drawn into the national life, adopting its language, its culture, its dress, and desiring its legal system. And with the Scandinavians the same thing happened. The very nature of the tribal system, each with its separate entity that subscribed to a larger entity above it, together with the practices of fosterage and gossiprede, soon sucked the foreigner into the stream of nationality.

Moreover, continual war was waged on strongholds. And when finally, under the great Brian Boru, the Scandinavian power was utterly and absolutely broken in the great battle of Clontarf, the last danger was removed of Ireland being brought within the limits of an imperial system. Both the Roman and the Scandinavian empires had extended their sway over England; but they both failed at the threshold of Irish territory. Yet all along the coasts the memory remained of the seaworthy ships that the Scandinavians had brought with them, and of the larger and bolder ventures that these permitted for trade.

The death of Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf was a calamity indeed. During his reign Ireland had known a peace and high order that would have been remarkable in any nation at any time of history, that in point of fact, is almost unique in history, but which is all the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the disorder and strife that characterized the whole of the so-called civilized world at that time. It was concerning this time that the tale arose that Moore celebrated in his poem, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." It was said that a lady, beautiful, richly caparisoned, and with a priceless gem showing on her wand, traversed the length of the country without molestation. Brian had re-established the churches and schools that had been ravaged by the Scandinavians; built fortresses about the country to insure better safety; severely repressed the lawlessness that is the inevitable concomitant of invasion; given special care to the revival of culture; and procured such quietness and peaceful activity, in the arts and in the business of trade, through the whole land, that he became celebrated in song as the wisest and most powerful of the kings of Ireland.

But his death brought certain trouble in its train. For he had broken the succession. For centuries the High-Kings had been elected from one clan, the Hy Neill: from either the northern or southern division of it, and latterly from one and the other alternately. But Brian was a Dalcassian; and had wrested the High-Kingship from Malachi II by superior might. Therefore, on his death, not only was there the opportunity lost of consolidating the results of the victory of Clontarf, but the

High-Kingly election was thrown into disorder. For the century succeeding, until the invasion of the Norman adventurers, contentions between kings of provinces, and kings of amalgamations of tuaths, were the order of the day. Indeed, it was owing to the injury done to one of these kings that, at his invitation, the Norman barons first conceived the idea of invasion.

It is not necessary to depreciate this internecine strife in order to protest against the unnecessary emphasis that has been put upon it in the interests of the Pale. It was deplorable enough; and destructive enough: that is a thing past all question. But when some historians outline its details with much emphasis, in order to lead to the prepared conclusion that the coming of a few Norman adventurers was necessary for the achievement of good government, it is a different matter. One would almost imagine that the Normans came in order to procure good government, and not because they were needy adventurers desirous of reimbursing their failing purses. The simple truth is that Ireland during these years only lapsed into the same unruly state that then afflicted all Europe; and of which, in the Western end of Europe, the Normans themselves were the chief agents. That this simple fact in comparative history should have been obscured is only added proof that Ireland needs her historian.

Yet the Normans not only failed to bring good government: they added strife to strife. They did so by the mere fact of their presence; and also by the even less desirable method of setting chief against chief in order to advance their own financial interests. When the philosophic Bacon of Elizabethan times advanced it as "her princely policy" toward the Irish people "to weaken them . . . by division and disunion of the heads," he only stated unequivocally what had always more or less been the guiding policy of the intruder. The recital of the course of this belongs to a subsequent essay; in the immediate concern it is enough to say that their strife, fomenting of strife, and subtle oppression became such, so utterly destroyed the security and health of national life, that the Irish chiefs under the leadership of Domnal O'Niall, King of Ulster, and of the family from which the old High-Kings had been chosen, invited

Edward Bruce of Scotland to their assistance. They did so in an orderly fashion; they framed a dignified letter to the Pope, outlining their grievances, and saying that they summoned Bruce inasmuch as he was a descendant of their old kings.

Edward Bruce came: with results that were somewhat curious. He certainly made his name to be feared among the invaders, for he scarcely lost a fight; and as a result of his victories the Irish rose up independently in all places and defeated the garrison armies. But his method of campaign was such that he imposed almost as great hardships on those whom he had come to succor as on those whom he had come to attack. He burned and ravaged the country in all directions. By this method he almost exterminated the English colonists in many districts; but he also inflicted great hardships on the Irish. He even reduced himself to impotency, since it became impossible to lead armies through a barren country.

When therefore the English at last defeated his army, in a battle where Bruce himself fell, the position was an interesting one. The English power was so far shaken that it was ineffectual for some centuries. Yet the Irish, too, were afflicted as a result of the ruinous campaigns. A kind of purge had been effected; where the obstruction had been removed, with a good deal else besides. It now fell to the nation to build itself up again. And it could only do so in one way: by consolidating itself severely on the basis of its formation into tuaths.

Ever since the old times, through the Danish ravages, through the inter-territorial contention of the chiefs after the battle of Clontarf, through the troubles of the Norman invasion, the tribal life had continued vigorously, as the national life of the people. It had changed in some of its details from the principles of the old polity, particularly under the influence of the Norman invasion. A freeholder's contribution for the maintenance of his chief's dignities was now considered in the form of a rental; yet that this did not mean rental as the idea was elsewhere conceived is evident from the fact that the freeholder's tenure was secure whereas the chief's office was not. The chief could not remove a man from his holding, while it was possible for the tuath to depose him from his chiefdom. The land was

still held as in the possession of the tribe, which elected its chief freely by the method of tanistry. But, as a result of the continual unrest, a greater nobility was procured. A man could not be deposed from his holding; but he could resign it at the end of the year, and journey elsewhere. Though the chief held his allotment of lands for the maintenance of his dignities as from the tribe, while the tribe remained in possession of the tribal lands, a man was not now, as formerly, a fixed member of a tuath. Other adaptations and changes there were, as well; but the principle, and the general execution of the principle, remained the same. The English commissioners liked to speak of these principles as barbarous and uncivilized, because they were strongholds of national feeling, and also because they admitted the common rights of man. Davis, for example, declared that the Irish lived "as brute beasts holding all things in common" (which reads quaintly now, as an index of Davis's mind!). But the English settlers did not confirm this opinion. They became, from the Pale point of view, "degenerate English," "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They took the Irish dress, spoke Gaelic, desired the Brehon laws, and fostered and gossiped with the peoples of the tribes they joined. The descendants of the Norman adventurers, the de Burgos and the Geraldines, forswore English ways; and when some of them were summoned later to a parliament at Dublin, they had to have English translated to them.

Not only, however, had the old polity continued: the life it expressed had continued also. In the midst of warfare culture and learning held a foremost place in the tribal life. The poet and scholar were at all times held in first honor. Even in the seventh century, when England had harried the schools, ruined the libraries, and broken up the national life, with all that supported it, in the fixed determination to uproot a rival nation, Campion had still to admit that the Irish were "lovers of music, poetry, and all kinds of learning," that "they were sharp-witted, lovers of learning, capable of any study to which they bend themselves." In the same century Samuel Butler wrote in *Hudibras*: "As learned as the wild Irish are." And such had been the testimony of all those who visited Ireland, even though

it might have taken the form of depreciation, as it did in Spenser. Scholars had travelled abroad with their learning even in the early half of the thirteenth century, when the warfare and unrest consequent upon the invasion was at its height; and students still came from other lands to join the native scholars.

So that when a revival took place in all the various tuaths, a new retrenchment and upbuilding, the schools and colleges at once felt the effect. If the chronological course of the national poetry be surveyed, it is possible to detect this new spirit—coming before the fierce and wild laments that trail through it when all this fair upspringing of life is taken in hand to be destroyed. Moreover, the charm of this new revival of learning fell upon the English colonists as well, and was one of the influences that subdued them to the national spirit.

The same subjects were studied as formerly, showing that the curriculum of the schools had remained unchanged. Greek seems to have fallen out of use; but Latin remained the next study to Irish. Every man of any position, and educated women as well, were supposed to be familiar with it. "They speak Latin like a vulgar language," wrote Campion, "learned in their common schools of leechcraft and law, whereat they begin children and hold on sixteen or twenty years, conning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Pandects of Justinian."

All this was firmly embedded in the tuathal life because it had ever been an integral part of it; but it now embraced all the extraneous elements that were rapidly being drawn into the national life. Irish chiefs had always maintained men of learning, poets and brehons on terms of equality with themselves, without whose presence, indeed, their courts were open to shame; but now the descendants of the Norman invaders, the Anglo-Irish Lords, became as enthusiastic for this learning as the Irish themselves. "A chief does not grant speech save to four," ran an old Irish saying: "a poet for satire or praise, a chronicler of good memory for narration and story-telling, a judge for giving judgments, an historian for ancient lore"; and the Anglo-Irish lords took the same honor to themselves—to the considerable indignation of the authorities of the Pale.

From, roughly, the end of the Bruce campaign until the six-

teenth century this revival continued: slowly at first, but gathering impetus as time went forward. That is to say, the national life was revived, and, on the basis of the tribal economy, it manifested itself as it had in its earlier times of prosperity, in the advancement of the arts and learning. Women like Margaret O'Connor and the daughter of MacWilliam of Clanrickard, entertained the colleges of professional men and the schools in great festivals. The poets preserved the old honor, the historians recited and recorded the old chronicles, and the brehons kept intact the old civil economy, the records and due dignities of the clans; and so did the spirit flow that it invaded the very Pale itself, so that, to the perturbation of the sixteenth century Stanihurst, "the Irish tongue was universally gagged in the English Pale."

Yet, as has been said, this was not confined to Ireland. Irish culture has ever been cosmopolitan; it has never been merely insular. Its exponents and scholars went to England and to the Continent: to the Continent rather than to England, since Ireland's natural intercourse lay thus. Her trade-routes themselves lay thus. Concurrently with this revival in the tribal life, trades also had revived. And even as the tribal life, in its revival, shaped itself on the old polity, embracing within it the strangers that had come into the land, so the trade took the old routes, and was cultivated by the Irish together with the English, Spaniards and others who settled in the land and were drawn into its life. "The foreigners," said an Irish writer in the fourteenth century, "had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, their surliness for good manners, and their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and they had given up their perverseness for hospitality." The natural trade intercourse had been with France, Spain and the Mediterranean; and it continued to be so. On occasion, Chester, wishing to send messengers to Spain, found it more convenient to send them to Ireland, and so through the Irish trade with that country. So many of the Spanish indeed were brought to Galway by its trade that to this hour Spanish names and types may be found in its streets.

It is impossible to give any details in such an essay as this of what this revival in trade meant. Most of the towns either

had, or soon procured, close corporations, and in their charters they were at liberty to elect "kings." Their intercourse with the various tribes, and the part they played in the revival of crafts and industries, are a study in themselves. Cloths, particularly, of all kinds, and rare metal-work, were carried widely, finding welcome markets in France and the Netherlands. Galway herself traded as far as the Levant and the Canaries; and such was her trade that (as her excellent harbor at this day is sufficient to testify) she was one of the foremost ports in the British Isles in the fifteenth century. All the way down the west coast, from Sligo, Galway, Limerick and the inlets of Munster, along the south coast, from Baltimore, Kinsale, Youghal, Dungarvan and Waterford, and up the east coast, from Wexford, Dublin, Drogheda and Dundalk, an active trade was engaged in, chiefly with the Continent, but largely with England also. The prosperity this meant was reflected in the life of the people. Special jurisdiction had to be exercised by the brehons to control the wages of craftsmen and laborers, such was the competition for their work. And when the people went abroad they were richly dressed; and of "their own most delightful and beloved country" (as an English writer at one time spoke of Ireland) it could be said that there was, despite continual restrictions imposed upon them by the English Government, prosperity in the land. Culture was ranked highly, scholarship esteemed and engaged in, the crafts found favor, and trade was prosperous. There was much warfare and unrest, to be sure, but these things held their way nevertheless.

Yet there is a reverse to the medal. These things made the land one "meet for the English to inhabit." Moreover, English traders and craftsmen complained of the success of the Irish, while English commissioners found that the culture and learning bred a spirit of patriotism that they viewed with much disfavor. Therefore they had to be uprooted and destroyed. But the course of this is a separate matter. *

* The next paper will be *The Day of Oppression*.

UNRECORDED

EDWARD GOODMAN

WE were talking of her and him, and their story, so far as the woman knew it.

"Don't tell me," said the woman, who had been her friend—before. "She may be a fine specimen of pianist. But I can't forget what she did. She is a pretty poor specimen of woman."

"But it is just what she did," I pleaded, "that was really noble and brave. She is truly a heroine—if you only knew."

"Oh, I know," the woman replied. "He told me all about it. And after that—I couldn't remain her friend. *You* were *his* friend, too—and I don't see how you can excuse her. She was a cad. Don't tell me."

So I didn't tell her. I merely sighed. Of course I had been his friend. It had happened that I was very intimate with them both. That is why, though I sighed for the misunderstanding, I had also to smile at the thought of excusing her. Excuse her, forsooth! Excuse her for bravely facing ignominy, contempt and hatred, for running even the danger of being physically harmed, and for doing this fearlessly and unflinchingly for the sake of the right. Because of her deed she was considered a cad. He hated her. This former friend held her in contempt. And for what she did there was not even the compensation of having her heroism recorded. History will know nothing of her story. The woman said, "Don't tell me."

And I didn't tell her, then. But I will, now.

When it began, she was not an extraordinary girl. She had been educated abroad as many other girls of her station. There was one particular teacher she had told me of, who had lived and was able to impart some of that living. But there is usually at least one of these in every school. The most they can do is to plough the ground. What will grow therefrom depends on the seeds to be planted later. Otherwise, this girl was much like the rest. In her school she had been introduced to the arts rather

than the sciences; her body and her manners had been cared for. She emerged, eighteen, healthy, with a certain sensitivity to things beautiful, a nice knowledge of how to comport herself under ordinary conditions, yet completely ignorant of the problems of the world in which she was to live. Besides, she was good to look at. Though small, she was lithe and graceful, and she had learned how to dress herself well. Her dark brown hair, eyes and skin had all one other quality in common—softness; and her voice partook of that too. She was not particularly handsome, but there was just that touch of the different about her face that is even more attractive. Doubtless it was her eyes that did it. They were large and velvety—at that time nothing deeper than the softness of a gentle nature was in them—but they possessed certain lines of elongation and slant that suggested the Japanese. And thus equipped she left the seclusion of a school in the high mountains and entered into the seclusion of “society” life.

And it was there that she met him—or rather, met him again. He had known her as a romping girl before he had gone away. They had been rather close boy and girl comrades then. And he was interested to see what she had been made. Perhaps that was why she drew closer to him than to the others. There is a type of girl that doesn't forget early playmates: usually she who has been a tomboy with them, and remains so. Doubtless to her it was a pleasure to find, among all the males who were flocking around her feminine charm and who had to be treated as males, one who had been and whom she could still consider just a fellow-being, a friend.

There wasn't anything exceptional about him, except his ugliness. His mouth struggled with his nose to get further from the background of his face. And at that time he always wore pugnacious-looking little bow ties. So that he looked a fighter, though he wasn't. And those who didn't know him preferred to remain in ignorance. Otherwise, he was quite commonplace. He had stepped into his father's successful business, where he was learning to deserve his future; he possessed a certain fund of ordinary humor; he had his serious ideas, which were chiefly those of his father; and above all he had a nature, very tender,

very loving and very eager to confide in those who could understand him. His looks kept most of those he met at a spiritual distance, however, and he therefore opened up to his former playmate the more eagerly.

To her he was a dear old friend whom she understood. She couldn't grow intimate with the other men because she had learned that intimacy with them meant always an intimacy with them as men. And among them all she could not find her man. But to this boy she could still be a friend. So she thought. And so, at first, did he. But her friendship drew him closer to her than he had ever been allowed to other girls, and familiarity with her brought him familiarity with her kindness, her sympathy and her strange beauty. Besides, the people of his world knew of only one relation between man and woman. And he was only twenty-one. So, in time, he had made the mistake of falling in love with her. And he asked her to marry him.

It shocked her. She had been asked before and found little difficulty in refusing. But him she had always considered safe. And she was very fond of him and her friendship for him. It hurt her to think that perhaps their world was right in its scepticism as to friendship between the sexes. And it hurt her more to hurt him. "It was, up to then, the most painful moment of my life," she said to me. But she told him his error, quietly and kindly.

Perhaps it would have been better had she been brutal. His love was young then. It had not become a habit. As it was, he was twenty-one, and he saw hope. "I'm going to keep on trying," he told me. "If you want a thing badly enough, you've got to get it in the end." His lips shut tighter as he spoke, and for five years after that they never seemed to relax.

The siege was on. For five years it lasted. I must give him credit for those five years. During that time he kept steadily at work and as steadily at proposing marriage. Nothing seemed to daunt him. She had studied music at school, and now, with her growing distaste for the world into which she had been brought, had turned to it again with serious attention. She was making strides in it too, so that she could look forward without crushing fear to the possibility of never finding a fitting mate, and

did not feel herself impelled with advancing years to clutch at some man's mast, ere it should prove too late and she should drown in a sea of death in life. Yet he never failed to advance the argument of waning opportunity, when he urged her. And he used every other reasoning or unreasoning persuasion he could employ. "It is very trying," she would confide to me. "If I didn't care for him so much I'd send him packing about his business and forbid him to see me." "Still hopeful?" I would ask him. And with a grim smile would always come the same answer, "Still hacking away."

I felt sorry for him, for I knew her and I knew there were limits to his will. But to my attempted dissuasions he would pay no heed. "You're a fine fellow, old chap," he would say as he clapped me on the shoulder and I would forget his ugliness under the glamour of his eyes, "but you don't know. You are not in love with her." It was just because I wasn't that I did know. But that I couldn't make him understand, then.

I wish I could have. If I could have gradually brought him to his senses, the waste, I suppose, would never have occurred. I was waiting rather anxiously during those five years for the failure of his will. But I never thought it would leave him as it did, when it happened. He just seemed to fall loose. It was much the same case, I guess, as a stretched elastic. Held just to its breaking point for so long and exposed to winds and weather, when the last wind touches it, it doesn't snap—it just crumbles. "I think he's finished now," she said to me after he had left her. But I laughed. I had become too used to his perseverance. I couldn't believe it was all over until I saw him. And then I started. His lower jaw was hanging. His lips were parted. And oh, he looked ugly—and old!

"I've quit," he said as he fell into my easy chair as a book with a broken binding falls. "I don't care."

And he didn't. I never saw a future thrown so recklessly away. He kept on making money from force of habit, but he squandered it. And he gave no further active thought to work: he became in the business instead of an aid, a drain. He gave up of his own free will the social life he had never particularly cared for. But if he hadn't, it would have given him up. Drink-

ing was the best of his excesses. He used to come to my room some mornings, looking only like the clay from which 'tis said we're made—and then he would recount to me tales of his life that made the sun black. His erstwhile acquaintances, though they knew but little, were shocked at first. In time, however, they forgot—his former life, his present life, and him.

But she and I, who knew him and who never ceased to see him, did not forget. God knows I tried hard enough to pull him back—but she tried even harder. For she felt that she, though innocently, was the cause. She would give up hours of practice to talk with him. What a hopeless, draining task it was! His manhood was appealed to. His cowardice was attacked. She tried to make him see how unfair he was to her. She attempted to show him his duty to himself. The world and the course of the world, life—she presented to him. But it was of no use. The spark must have died, I came to think, and left, in reality, only the clay, as it had seemed. During the course of two years I kept up my efforts to revive him, passing through pity to revulsion, to disgust, then back to pity again, and finally to a sense of utter defeat. Nothing could be accomplished, I concluded at last. Efforts were a waste of energy. It was a useless task. I gave him up.

But not she. Alone, and yet untiring, she went carefully, unceasingly over the well-worn field of effort, again and yet again. But at the end of another fruitless year she grew desperate.

"Will you not give in now," I asked her, "and admit yourself blameless and vanquished?"

"Not yet," she answered very quietly. "Not yet!"

"But suppose you *should* reclaim him—at seventy——?" I questioned.

"That's just it," she said. "The years are passing." She bit her lip.

"Well?"

"I don't know," she said. "I must hit on something new. I must think it over."

Two days later she came to me with her plan. She wanted my opinion.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

“ Oh, as I would my brother! ”

I looked at those large, Japanese eyes that used to be only soft in the old days. But she was twenty-six now. Knowledge of life and work and suffering had crept into them. But there was something more besides—something that gave me confidence in her and took away my confidence in my reason. I felt I dared not judge her plan. I told her so. And so she took upon herself, in secret and unaided, the whole burden.

She left for Europe shortly after that. She had definitely given herself to music now and was to be gone for a year of study. That must have been why he came to me who had not seen him for over a year. And what a change! He was the young boy again, the gentle spirit that I had loved. The three years had left scars, of course, upon his face, but none upon his soul. He took to wearing those bow ties again. He successfully introduced a profitable innovation into his business. His eyes were healthy now. He smiled. I don't know which emotion was stronger in me then: joy at the present, or fear for the future outcome. He would show me the letters he sent abroad to her. “ I am working better and harder every day, my dear, now, for I have the greatest of all stimulants to work.” “ The sun shines clearer now than it ever did before. Its light lasts through the night. And yet I know it isn't really *its* light, at all.” “ I am trying so hard to deserve the possibility. I think I will.” I had to wince when I read. I wonder how she felt when she received them.

Well, that's all there was to this year. Except Eva. Eva's story doesn't take long. God meant her for a mother and the System made her a saleslady. He met her on her brief vacation by the sea. Kindliness was pouring from him then and he helped her. She fell in love with him. That made him only kinder. And increasing economic pressure bore her only closer to him. He wrote abroad of Eva. That was all.

And now things happened quickly, almost as quickly as my heart beat fearfully. The year of study was ended and she returned. She asked me about him and I told her the good news.

“ But now? ” I said.

“ Now,” she answered as she closed her lips, “ now for it!—

Oh, my God!" she added in one short-lived spasm that showed the strain she had been and was under.

I pressed her hand. I asked her to let me know. And the rest I know only from her. When I saw him, after, he was almost inarticulate.

It was in her music room. She had been sitting at the piano playing to him. He had been standing by to turn the pages. At last he broke into the playing and held her wrists. He bent over her and spoke very intensely, calling her by name.

"It's time now. I must know," he said. "I've waited this whole year and I've raised myself. I have built up the business and made money. I have given up my rotten life. Without false modesty I can honestly say that I have done many good things—you know of Eva. I have regained my self-respect. And now—again—after years of hopelessness, I ask you. Have I done well?"

She grew pale but answered calmly, "You have done well."

"I have done it for you," he said.

"Only for me?"

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked. "You know that when you went away you gave me hope that you would marry me. I've been working only to deserve you, since."

"My boy," she said, "you do deserve me—— But!" she interrupted him as he started to embrace her.

"But?" he queried sharply as he drew back, still holding her wrists.

"What made you think——?" she faltered.

For a moment he looked at her, the white of his eye visible all around the iris.

"Don't lie!" he said hardly. "You know you led me to hope."

She lowered her gaze. "I know I did," she said.

His brow knit and his hands drew back as he raised his shoulders.

"And do you mean to say," he uttered in horror, "that you—were only—leading me on?"

She rested her forehead on her hand. It was even more

painful than she had expected. At last she managed to breathe out only—"Yes."

He drew a swelling breath and his fingers stretched themselves out and then curled like claws. Breathing heavily, he approached her until his claws were almost on her. Then he growled, relaxed suddenly, and said, "No!"

She told him then how much she had hated to do it, how caddish she had felt through it all, but how that had seemed the only way to redeem him. But he didn't hear. After a time he hurled a mad epithet at her and left.

When he came to me, almost frothing, I tried to defend her. I have never seen him since.

Never but once. Then it was years after, when she and I saw him from a distance on a beach, picnicking with Eva and their two children. They were beautiful boy and girl, healthy and in fine spirits as they romped about their parents. We had heard of him as being, though rich, yet very simple and good. He had spent much money and thought on improving the condition of the saleswomen of his store. Certainly, as we looked at him and Eva that day, they seemed both to beam the joy of happy striving.

My unrecorded heroine turned to me and smiled.

I smiled back.

"Yes, it worked out," I said. "Yet it's strange that you should have bothered so. He was just a humdrum, well-meaning business man. Now if he had been a promising artist and neglecting that art——"

"Oh, then anybody would have done it, wouldn't she? Well, I, you see—I've always had an idea that these humdrum people wouldn't be put here unless there was need of them. And so, somehow, I felt he had his work to do, which might be just as important—in its way."

I looked at her eyes.

"Yet he hates you now," I said.

She looked out over the sea. "That helps him to do his work," she answered.

"And yet," I pursued, "suppose there hadn't been Eva?"

"There would have been somebody else. And if not——"

"If not?" I urged.

"Then God had planned it otherwise. I could only do my share."

"At the risk, perhaps, of your life: he came near murdering you then."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That was a chance I had to take," she said.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

THE life, work, and philosophical position of Symonds illustrate one another as in few recorded cases. Seldom has intellect so clearly reflected character, and character material facts. I think it would be possible to trace the man's peculiar quality, style, method, influence, and choice of themes in an unbroken chain to sheer physiological necessity. Neurotic from birth, suppressed and misdirected in education, turned by early environment and by natural affinity into certain intellectual and spiritual channels, pressed into speculation by dogmatic surroundings and æsthetic study, his febrile constitution shattered by over-stimulation, by wanting vitality denied robust creation, by disease made a wanderer, by disease and wandering together aroused to a never-ending, fretful activity—the inner history of Symonds could be detailed and charted scientifically. A little imagination will serve as well to call up the human character of a development which is uncommonly fitted for psychological study.

One cannot read far in Symonds without discovering two facts: first, that the matter of ever-uppermost concern with him is religion, the emotional relation which man bears to the whole scheme of things, and secondly, that his way of conceiving this relation repeats itself constantly in similar statements and in references to a clearly defined circle of historical thought. With hardly an exception his critical volumes close upon a common note, which forms the kernel of all his poems and speculations. I cannot say how often he refers to Goethe's Proemium to *Gott und Welt* and the prayer of Cleanthes, to Marcus Aurelius and Giordano Bruno, and above all Whitman. This circle of recurring references expressed the emotional and vital elements in a point of view which found its purely intellectual basis in the evolution-theory of Darwin. A natural affinity thus predisposed him to establish his philosophy of criticism upon the wider philosophical basis empirically provided by the nineteenth century. A natural affinity, I say: because I wish to show plainly that his

acceptance of evolution was not merely intellectual and that his writings were really the outgrowth of his character and his profound emotions toward life.

From that laborious, dutiful father of his he inherited a stoical habit of mind, at variance indeed with his early tendencies, which yet in mature life became practically dominant. But in the son stoicism—the sentiment of work and duty—was wholly separated from its dogmatic applications in the father. For Symonds was a conscious sceptic long before he was a conscious stoic. His scepticism seems early to have been secretly fostered by just the dogmatic nature of his father's stoicism. His youth was like the insurrection of a Greek province against the Roman Empire. *Æsthetic* study, dialectics, neurotic activity destroyed for him the logical texture of Christianity and, combined with the scepticism of his master Jowett who questioned life without questioning God, destroyed in him the sentiment of faith: for losing faith in life he could not—as Jowett paradoxically did—retain belief in God.

By the time he left college, then, Symonds' position was reasonably clear. With a substratum of stoicism, of which he was not yet conscious, his mind was packed with miscellaneous knowledge of European culture and had a strong bias toward Greek thought. But the centre of his heart was not occupied. There was a void, a vacuum, and of this the man was desperately aware. Just here he differs from really small men, just in this fact lies whatever power of personality and achievement finally marked him out. His heart would not let him rest. His mind was unable to occupy him calmly, to allow him to exercise a soulless literary gift. He was paralyzed by the want of a central animating principle. And with all his natural talent, his facility in words, his abundant learning, he could produce nothing. It took him longer than most men to find himself because his niche in the universe was more essential to him than his niche in the world. During all the years in which he was storing up knowledge he was a man passionately in search of religion. Naturally then he found this religion, and as naturally it had to be one consonant with his peculiar physical condition and the stock of his brain. In these respects he was a

member of the post-Darwinian group at Oxford, who felt so keenly the vacuum which remained when the dogmatic elements of the old faith had been swept away. This point enables us to understand the English influence of Whitman and that vague but powerful cult first called by Henry Sidgwick the "cosmic enthusiasm."

We must grasp the idea of a natural mystic deprived of dogmatic outlet, an eclectic of culture, a man physically weak, neurotic, intellectually sophisticated, over-educated, strangely susceptible to beauty, strength, powerful influences. Such a man finds his first foothold in Goethe, because Goethe is almost the only character which, as it were, includes a man of such wide range and provides a generous margin, points out a path of cohesion. For Symonds, Goethe was an elaboration, a modern instance of the spirit which had first drawn him into Greek studies, the spirit of scientific pantheism. In Greek thought he found, first of all, a moral attitude. In their sense of a cosmic order, an all-embracing law, their sense of harmony with nature and of divinity in nature, he discovered the ground-plan of a modern creed which required only to be confirmed by experiment and animated by emotion. He found that in their submission to law they had surmounted the enervating elements of fatalism by resolutely facing and absorbing the sad things of life, including them in selected types of predominant beauty and strength. The logical apex of Greek ethics he found in Marcus Aurelius: its obedience to the common reason of the universe, its social virtue, its faith in the rightness of things we cannot see. This attitude, except for its want of compelling force, its inadequacy to men who have been indulged with a more celestial dream, appeared to him consonant with modern science as Christian theology could not be. For Christian theology made man an exile from nature, dependent for salvation upon a being external to the universe and controlling it from without. The crucial utterances of Christian theology—such, for example, as St. Paul's "For if Christ be not risen indeed, then are we of all men most miserable," or Thomas à Kempis' "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," are contradictory to the idea of a divinity immanent in the universe of which man's consciousness forms a part.

This moral attitude Symonds found expressed in three utterances, to all of which he constantly recurs. The first, which he called his motto, is the maxim of Goethe, "To live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful." The second is the prayer of Cleanthes the Stoic, which in his own version was written over Symonds' grave:

Lead thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!
 All names alike for thee are vain and hollow.
 Lead me; for I will follow without strife;
 Or, if I strive, still must I blindly follow.

The third is Goethe's Proemium to *Gott und Welt*, Faust's confession of faith; translated thus by Symonds:

To Him who from eternity, self-stirred,
 Himself hath made by His creative word;
 To Him who, seek to name Him as we will,
 Unknown within Himself abideth still:
 To Him supreme who maketh faith to be,
 Trust, hope, love, power, and endless energy.

* * *

What were the God who sat outside to see
 The spheres beneath His finger circling free?
 God dwells within, and moves the world and moulds;
 Himself and nature in one form enfolds:
 Thus all that lives in Him and breathes and is,
 Shall ne'er His presence, ne'er His spirit miss.

The soul of man, too, is an universe;
 Whence follows it that race with race concurs
 In naming all it knows of good and true,
 God—yea, its own God—and with honor due
 Surrenders to His sway both earth and heaven,
 Fears Him, and loves, where place for love is given.

Characteristically this translation was made on the glacier at Heiligenblut, June 27, 1870. I shall have occasion presently to connect it with his feeling about the Alps.

This philosophical position, I have said, formed for him the ground plan of a modern creed which required only to be ratified by experiment and animated by emotion. The first of these

requisites he found in the evolution doctrine, the second in Whitman.

Symonds' use of the word evolution has been severely criticised on the ground that he too laxly identifies it with growth. Whatever truth may be in the charge I think is due to two causes—first, that he approaches the problem rather imaginatively than in the spirit of exact science, and secondly that his data are psychological, historical and æsthetic, rather than biological or geological. In short, the aspect of evolution he has always in mind is the evolution of the human spirit, which is not yet so accurately determinable as the primary physical aspects of life. In his application of evolution to criticism, in his effort to show that science and religion are complementary, he was a pioneer and he had, so to speak, the pioneer's axe to grind; so that what he wrote on these themes must be taken in his own spirit as personal suggestions and speculations. Intellectually the evolution theory proved to him what the Greeks and Marcus Aurelius had divined, how truly man is part of nature and how "nature everywhere, and in all her parts, must contain what corresponds to our spiritual essence."

There is, however, a long step to take from the philosophy of nature to the religion of nature,—the step from what may be called the cosmic sense to what has been called the cosmic enthusiasm. The prayer of Cleanthes is a statement of submission:

"Lead me; for I will follow without strife,
Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow."

Indeed that is what man does whether he will or no; therein he still remains in bondage to fate, because he does not yet with hearty confidence affirm, "In Thy will is our peace." Powerless as man's will is before cosmic law, he may still believe that his happiness lies in opposition to cosmic law. The submission remains negative rather than positive, the acquiescence is not yet enthusiastic. And as Symonds wrote in his *Greek Poets*: "The real way of achieving a triumph over chance and of defying fate is to turn to good account all fair and wholesome things beneath the sun, and to maintain for an ideal the beauty, strength, and splendor of the body, mind, and will of man." The way to hold

one's own in the swift-flowing stream is to swim with it, using the current for one's own progress. Under these conditions the possibility of a new religion is indicated in the following passage: "Through criticism, science sprang into being; and science, so far as it touches the idea of deity, brought once more into overwhelming prominence the Greek conception of God as Law. On the other hand, the claims of humanity upon our duty and devotion grew in importance, so that the spirit and teaching of Christ, the suffering, the self-sacrificing, the merciful, and at the same time the just, survived the decay of his divinity. In other words, the two factors of primitive Christianity are again disengaged, and demand incorporation in a religion which shall combine the conceptions of obedience to supreme Law and of devotion to humanity, both of which have been spiritualized, sublimed, and rendered positive by the action of thought and experience. What religion has to do, if it remains theistic, is to create an enthusiasm in which the cosmic emotion shall coalesce with the sense of social duty." [*The Philosophy of Evolution.*]

Here then the fire was laid, ready to be lighted. Whitman touched the match. It was in 1865 that Symonds discovered Whitman. Years afterward he wrote: "*Leaves of Grass*, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe. It is impossible for me to speak critically of what has so deeply entered into the fibre and marrow of my being." In Whitman all these smouldering theories, these gently, passively emotional thoughts sprang up as a flame warming and lighting all the implications of the cosmic idea: the universe, the individual, sex, friendship, democracy. Whitman's passionate belief in life, stout subordination of the world's experience to the forthright soul, superb emotional grasp of the principle of development, glory in health, strength, beauty, disregard of cerebration, innocence of the sinister power of creeds, customs, human laws to swamp the cosmic energy in man—all this, on a dozen scores, was calculated to electrify a man like Symonds. He accepted the whole of Whitman as he had never accepted the whole of anything before. And with Whitman he came to accept the whole of life.

Was there something a little hectic about all this? The sheer physical health which underlay Whitman's exultation was just what Symonds did not possess. And Symonds, like other brilliant intelligences, frequently saw what he could not feel. The question arises, Can the cosmic enthusiasm, which is really the joy of living, exist healthily in those who are not healthy? And if the joy of living is to be identified with religion can any but healthy people be truly religious? It is open to serious question whether any man can love the universe whose digestion is faulty. The question is perhaps insoluble, yet in it lies the nature of Symonds' inherent sincerity, taking that word in its absolute sense. From his acceptance of Whitman sprang the animated point of view which controlled his later life and underlay his writings. That alone is an earnest of sincerity! and yet I accept it with misgivings, because he never eradicated his even more fundamental scepticism, he never ceased interrogating the sphinx even in the midst of his adoration. Or perhaps I should say the cosmic law remained for him a sphinx—the projection of his own sphinxliness (I think Plato would forgive this word) instead of the more obvious, blunt, vital force Whitman felt it to be: which means merely that both men created the cosmos in their own image, that their personalities were not identical. I mention it because it qualifies our notion of this discipleship. It enables us to see that for Symonds the cosmic enthusiasm could really be only a working-plan, a literary and intellectual synthesis and a social platform, while the quintessence of the man remained as volatile, as evanescent, as unremoved and unexpressed as ever. The real Symonds—the “Opalstein” of Stevenson—could never flash itself into the rough colors of critical prose and common life. Behind the calm sweep of a more and more fruitful actuality, the mystery of life, dim, inscrutable, hidden away, seemed continually surging to the surface, questioning, warning, troubling, like a soul seeking a body and always baffled. But for us, who can be students only of the *fait accompli*, the working-plan is there and must suffice.

That the cosmic enthusiasm did not altogether absorb or satisfy him is proved by certain notes and miscellaneous papers he published on the question of God. He was plainly not con-

tented with the impersonality of Cosmic Law. He described himself as an agnostic leaning toward theism, which may be taken as a precise way of shadowing forth his need of a devotional object. Of the definition of deity he says well: "What must of necessity remain at present blank and abstract in our idea of God may possibly again be filled up and rendered concrete when the human mind is prepared for a new synthesis of faith and science." [*Notes on Theism.*] To me it seems that the words agnostic and Whitman can hardly be uttered in the same breath: for the whole hopeless tangle of cold metaphysical processes implied in words like agnostic withers away before one luminous heart-felt glimpse into the infinite. This illustrates the dualism in Symonds, his incapacity to accept a soul-stirring intuition without submitting it immediately to analysis. It illustrates the lifelong struggle in him of the poet and the critic. A man who could write, near the close of his life: "If there is a God, we shall not cry in vain. If there is none, the struggle of life shall not last through all eternity. Self, agonized and tortured as it is, must now repose on this alternative"—a man who could write this could not have possessed quintessentially the spirit of the cosmic enthusiasm. He could not have been so troubled with definitions, he could not have wavered so in faith.

So far as he possessed it he found it imaged in the Alps. His feeling for the Alps once more illustrates the physical basis of religious emotion. It was the longing of stifled lungs for oxygen, literally as well as figuratively. So far back as 1858 we find him speaking of grand scenery as an elevating influence which depreciates one's estimate of self. Visiting Switzerland for the first time at twenty-one he fills his mind with haunting pictures and memorable sounds—the murmurous air of waterfalls and winds, wild flowers that call to him more and more compellingly through days and years of illness and heated study in England. "I love Switzerland as a second home," he writes already in 1866, "hoping to return to it, certain that I am happier, purer in mind, healthier in body there than anywhere else in the world. I would not take Rome, Florence, and Naples in exchange for the châteaux of Mürren." A year later in London, in the roaring, dazzling summer streets, he dreams of sunrise over the snow-

fields, the church-bells ringing in the valleys, the dew upon the flowers: and without forgetting their pitiless indifference to man, he says, "I love the mountains as I love the majesty of justice. I adore God through them, and feel near to Him among them." At Mürren in 1863 he first read Goethe's *Proemium*; on the Pasteuze Glacier seven years later he translated it. In 1869 he describes the Alps as his "only unexploded illusion." The slopes of the cemetery where his father was laid to rest in 1871 remind him of an upland Alpine meadow. Gradually the Alpine sentiment becomes central in him. He connects it with all his major impressions—with Prometheus on Caucasus, with Beethoven and Handel, Cleanthes and Plato, Bruno and Whitman, Michael Angelo and Goethe, Moses and Christ. In 1867 he writes, "The only thing I know which will restore my physical tone and give me health is living in the Alps. The only prospect of obtaining spiritual tone and health seems to be the discovery of some immaterial altitudes, some mountains and temples of God. As I am prostrated and rendered vacant by scepticism, the Alps are my religion. I can rest there and feel, if not God, at least greatness—greatness prior and posterior to man in time, beyond his thoughts, not of his creation, independent, palpable, immovable, proved."

Here then is indicated the relation between his physical condition, his religious attitude, and his theory of criticism. The Alps which could give him health could give him also, and for the same reason, faith. And they gave him that sense of "greatness," the importance of which in his own work is indicated in a passage of one of his Greek studies: "No one should delude us into thinking that true culture does not come from the impassioned study of everything, however eccentric and at variance with our own mode of life, that is truly great." There we have the logical basis for his literary, as well as his religious, enthusiasm for Whitman. In the Alps he not only found, as Obermann had found, an outlet for his mystical pantheism, but he found, as Tyndall found, the laboratory for placing some such pantheism on a scientific basis. He found moreover practical democracy among the peasants, he found his ideal of the human body, which drew him to Michael Angelo; and he came to feel

that "elevating influence which depreciates one's estimate of self"—which troubled him at eighteen—as a blissful relief. Years of introspection had given him too much of himself, and he was glad enough to be "sweetly shipwrecked on that sea."

It is not surprising then that Symonds came to look in literature for everything that has tonic value. Health, moral and intellectual, and all that nourishes a high normality in man, was the object of his quest in art, history, and literature; not sensations that console the pessimist, nor distinction that implies a dead level to throw it into relief, nor the restoration of past ages lovelier than ours in specific points at the cost of true democracy. His vision was wide and sane: power and clairvoyance might have made it prophetic. For the underlying principle of his critical theory—that life is deeper than thought—is only in our day, after centuries of philosophical delusion, becoming recognized once more. It was a principle far more "modern" than that of a greater than Symonds, Matthew Arnold. *Prose of the centre* was Arnold's criterion, meaning prose of the social centre. But the criterion of Symonds held forth with however much defect of power, was a more fundamental centre than that of taste: one in which even taste, even the social centre, becomes provincial and which admits Rabelais, Burns, Thoreau, Whitman and a hundred others who have no other centre at all than native humanity. "Life is deeper than thought"—a contemporary platitude which with Symonds was notable for two reasons. In the first place, it was with him a true discovery of experience, and that always glorifies a platitude. Secondly, it stands almost unique in an age of culture and in a man who contributed so much to culture in its popular aspects. "I am nothing if not cultivated," wrote Symonds once, "or, at least, the world only expects culture from me. But in my heart of hearts I do not believe in culture, except as an adjunct to life. . . . Passion, nerve and sinew, eating and drinking, even money-getting, come, in my reckoning, before culture." In his day perhaps only a man deprived of life and submerged in literature could have proclaimed that. Robust minds like Arnold or Browning could not feel so keenly the tonic element in thought. Life in its own abundance was tonic enough. To them it was a commonplace

from the outset that life is deeper than thought—they could not feel it as a revelation. It was from excess of vitality that they were able, without losing their personal equilibrium, to emphasize the purely intellectual. In everything written by these men health and strength were implicit, and for this reason they were seldom explicit. Browning could afford to occupy himself with intricate psychological cases, and Arnold with writers of exquisite and correct prose: but Symonds required vital forces like Michael Angelo and Whitman.

Symonds again was one of the first English men of letters to grasp what may be called the optimism of science. To Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, Clough, science appeared in one way or another as an enemy, a negative agent, a cause of melancholy, pessimism, or resignation, subverting God, revelation, personal immortality. To them it brought with it an overwhelming sense of loss. Arnold and Clough consoled themselves with duty and work, Carlyle and Ruskin passionately recalled the past, Tennyson credulously snatched at the hope that it might after all be theology in another form, Browning proclaimed a totally unreasonable optimism. The positive aspects of science meanwhile remained hidden, unpopularized, uncompromisingly "scientific." Such an aspect as eugenics, for example, has only in the last few years, and chiefly through Continental influence, begun to take its place in our literature. Science, not as a destroyer but as a builder, Symonds divined, and his training enabled him to link that modern view with the thought of the past. He would have gladly recognized the truth that doubt and faith are attitudes toward life itself, not toward figments of the brain, that states of mind like scepticism and pessimism are to be explained rather by experiments in circulation and digestion than by abstract metaphysical questions of immortality and God. And he would have recognized that this, instead of debasing our view of the human soul, glorifies our view of the human body.

These, I say, are aspects of science that Symonds divined, largely because the problem of his own life and consequently the nature of his experience was, unlike that of his greater contemporaries, more physical than intellectual. There was only a defect of power in the man to make it memorable, in the sense

in which the teachings of Carlyle, or Ruskin, or Arnold are memorable.

A defect of power: and also a defect of coherence. The writings of Symonds do not stand together as do those of Arnold or Ruskin. There has never been a collected edition of his works, and the idea of such a thing is inconceivable. With all their community of tone and subject, their marked evolution of style, their consistently delivered message, they lack that highest unifying bond of personality. Some of them are isolated popular handbooks, others are esoteric and for the few, others again are merely mediocre and have been forgotten. Individually they appeal to many different types of mind. Taken together they do not supply any composite human demand, nor are they powerful enough to create any such demand. They are indeed rather the product of energy than of power.

The conclusions of Symonds reduce themselves, upon analysis, to sanity and common sense: and it appears certain that nothing is more perilous to long life in literature than sanity and common sense when they are not founded upon clairvoyance. Only the supreme geniuses—Tolstoy and Goethe—have been able to carry off the palm with platitude. That is because they not only see and experience the truth in platitude, but feel it, with a dynamic and world-shaking passion. Symonds, in specific traits the equal of Arnold, or Ruskin, or Carlyle, falls short of their finality partly because more than any of them he saw life steadily and saw it whole. He saw life neither through the spectacles of the *Zeit-geist* nor of the Hero. To him England was not accurately divided into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, nor was the world wholly a world of Plausibilities. And he was obviously more sensible in his hard-won faith in human evolution than that nobler prophet who strove so tragically to restore the Middle Ages. But common sense unhappily is the virtue of equilibrium: and equilibrium is a state of the mind which has no counterpart in life or in men who in the profound sense, in the *normal sense*, grasp life—that is to say, the prophets.

ST. JOHN AND THE FAUN

G. E. WOODBERRY

I

O BLEST Imagination!
Bright power beneath man's lid,
That in apparent beauty
Unveils the beauty hid!
In the gleaming of the instant
Abides the immortal thing;
Our souls that voyage unspeaking
Press forward, wing and wing;
From every passing object
A brighter radiance pours;
The Lethe of our daily lives
Sweeps by eternal shores.

II

On the deep below Amalfi,
Where the long roll of the wave
Slowly breathed, and slipped beneath me
To gray cliff and sounding cave,
Came a boat-load of dark fishers,
Passed, and on the bright sea shone;
There, the vision of a moment,
I beheld the young St. John.

At the stern the boy stood bending
Full his dreaming gaze on me;
Inexorably spread between us
Flashed the blue strait of the sea;
Slow receding,—distant,—distant,—
While my bosom scarce drew breath,—
Dreaming eyes on my eyes dreaming
Holy beauty without death.

III

In the cloudland o'er Amalfi
Where with mists the deep ravine
Like a cauldron smoked, and, clearing,
Showed, far down, the pictured scene,—
Capes and bays and peaks and ocean,
And the city, like a gem,
Set in circlets of pale azure
That her beauty ring and hem,—
Once, returning from the chasm
By the mountain's woodland way,
Underneath the oak and chestnut
Where I loved to make delay,
(And dark boys and girls with faggots
Would pass near on that wild lawn,
And at times they brought me rosebuds)—
There one day I saw a faun.

The wood was still with noontide,
The very trees seemed lone,
When from a neighboring thicket
His moon-eyes on me shone,
Motionless, and bright, and staring,
And with a startled grace;
As nature, wildly magical
Was the beauty of his face;
And as some gentle creature
That, curious, has fear,
Dumb he stood and gazed upon me,
But did not venture near;
And I moved not, nor motioned,
Nor gave him any sign,
Nor broke the momentary spell
Of the old world divine.

IV

Love, with no other agent
Save communion by the eye,
Evoked from those bright creatures
Our secret unity;
There, flowering from old ages,
Hung on time's blossoming stem
All that fairest was in me
Or loveliest in them;
And truly it was happiness
Unto a poet's heart
To find that living in his breast
Which is immortal art.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The President of the United States

IN his inaugural address, President Wilson showed that the high hopes based upon his personality and record are destined, if events run their normal course, to be realized.

More and more noticeably, the feeling has been spreading through the country that, at this exceptional time, an exceptional man has been found to give effective shape to the ideas that have been growing in the minds of thinking people, changing the old outlook and giving to new conditions a new value. Twelve years of the twentieth century have already gone by, and the majority of men still imagine that they are living in an outmoded era. The nineteenth century had its triumphs and its failures: but the time has come to discard and pass on. We are grateful for what all the centuries have taught us, and won for us; but our work is with our own time, and with our own generation. It is not right to sacrifice the present even to the future; for in that creed lies procrastination, and the ruin, often, of great endeavors. What is worth doing, is worth doing now; and if the living can live rightly, shall it not be better for the unborn?

And so those men and women who have tried to comprehend the conditions of life as it is to-day, and to mould the conditions of life as it shall be to-morrow, have listened to, or read, the President's inaugural address. They have found in it the fine note that they expected: simplicity; strength without crudeness; purpose; idealism; realism; insight. It is the first clear expression of the twentieth century that has been given, without rodomontade, by a statesman who has the power and the will to carry it into effect. It is the unmistakable revelation, not of a party nominee, but of the President of the United States.

"Some old things with which we had grown familiar, and which had begun to creep into the very habit of our thought and of our lives, have altered their aspect as we have latterly looked critically upon them, with fresh, awakened eyes; have dropped their disguises and shown themselves alien and sinister. Some new things, as we look frankly upon them, have come to

assume the aspect of things long believed in and familiar, stuff of our own convictions. We have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life . . .

"This is not a day of triumph: it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side . . ."

When the forward-looking shall be tested in due time by the looking back, the name of President Wilson should surely be high in the list of those who have served their country, their generation, and humanity, not as routineers or machine-men, but as thinkers and doers, leaders and inspirers.

The Victors, and the Spoils

THERE are now more than 390,000 federal office holders and employees. The number of office seekers has not yet been accurately computed.

Is it entirely in keeping with the traditions of a great nation that the raucous clamor for appointments as rewards for party services should everywhere overwhelm the still, small voice of modesty?

The President scarcely faces a pleasant or profitable task; and he has the poor consolation of knowing beforehand that for every applicant who is placated, ten will be disappointed or antagonized. In the circumstances, it would seem scarcely worth while for a man of Woodrow Wilson's mental calibre to worry overmuch about perpetuating the stupid spoils system—even if Tammany Hall, in spite of its delicate designation of Senator O'Gorman as the "regular channel," should be deprived of the anticipated plunder. It would be an interesting change, not hopelessly opposed to the welfare of the country, to fill vacancies by appointing those who are best qualified to perform the duties of the office, without regard to their Tammany or other political affiliations. It is time that a strong stand on this question should

be made. But, if the civil service is still to be regarded as the happy hunting ground for every busybody who wishes to emphasize the fact that he is not in politics "for his health," why not be consistent and confer the same advantages on the army and navy? Surely they should not be deprived of the services of the professional politicians who add such lustre to other departments of the Government?

The Mexican Tangle

WHATEVER specious excuses may be offered by the Provisional Government of Mexico, the slaughtering of President Madero will be regarded as a planned assassination by the civilized world.

Yet the tide of indignation has run somewhat sluggishly. This is due in large part to the widening knowledge of Mexican conditions. It is understood that in the welter of conflicting factions, any man who takes part in the "constitutional government of a constitutional republic" does so at his own risk. He ventures his life in the service of his country, or of his private interests. Only success can transform a rebel into a recognized ruler. Madero himself gained power by the usual means. He has paid for his inability to hold that power, in the usual way.

More and more clearly, the people and press of the United States have been facing the possibility of intervention. Intervention may come: but it must be thrust upon us, beyond all cavilling or doubt. It might be far better for Mexico to receive the benefits that an army of occupation could confer; but we cannot expect Mexicans to welcome the invasion of their country. They claim the right to conduct their national affairs in their own national way. The right must be respected until it becomes incompatible with self-respect. Then, and then only, can intervention be justified. But the cost, in lives and money, and racial animosity, would be enormous. No administration, and no country, is entitled to assume such a responsibility without complete comprehension of all that is implied, both to itself, and to the nation which it wishes to coerce.

Captain Scott

THE full story of Captain Scott's expedition remains to be written; the equipment and plans of the explorers will be compared with those of Captain Amundsen's successful party; the routes will be contrasted, the weather conditions explained, and more details of individual conduct will come to light. Yet the world already has a singularly clear picture of that far-away battle with growing odds. There are many who maintain that there is no chance in life, no luck, good or evil. Yet the irony of life is strangely disproportionate. How often does it happen that indomitable resolution, meeting and overcoming successive difficulties, is at last weighed down by a relentless and inexplicable persistence of opposition! It would seem that the death of Captain Scott and his companions had been inexorably decreed: yet surely such courage as they displayed might have placated even the sometimes demoniac antagonism of nature. They did so much, and came so near to a final victory. Within eleven miles of the depot where supplies were waiting—and knowing that only those eleven miles separated them from safety—they were stopped by the extraordinary nine-day blizzard that blotted out the last hope of escape. "For four days," Captain Scott wrote, "we have been unable to leave the tent." As day followed day, one can imagine the dying men listening to the tempest, until its malignancy seemed unappeasable, its duration eternal. The relief party, which made a futile effort to save them, was compelled to return from One Ton Depot on March 10. Had they pushed a few miles further south, they would have met their commander and their comrades. Captain Oates died on March 17: the others survived for twelve days longer.

It is in the careful manipulation of such close margins that the irony of destiny reveals itself. But the world has one more legend of brave men. "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." It is an epitaph worth dying for: worth the vision of victory snatched at the last moment from hands that had not faltered.

Washington and the Suffragists

THE mob at Washington imagined that it was amusing itself by stupidly or viciously insulting those who took part in the suffragist parade: instead, it was performing—entirely against its intention—a public service. It drew attention to the fact that an orderly, well-organized parade, designed to further a perfectly legitimate cause in a perfectly legitimate way, could be interfered with and broken up at the whim of unreasoning, unmannerly rowdies.

The women who suffered from the typical boorishness displayed, will not regret their personal inconvenience. Their compensation will be not merely in the fact that such ruffianism will scarcely be repeated, though the parades certainly will be; but in the enduring effect upon public opinion. Some hundreds of thousands of people have been drawing comparisons between the mob with the "vote," and the women without; and reflection of this kind is always useful to a progressive movement.

There is a vast difference between the ultra-militant suffragette, who uses mob methods and invites mob retaliation; and the earnest, orderly suffragist, employing constitutional methods to secure what will soon be constitutional rights. No section of the police or the public can be permitted to ignore that difference, or to treat as law-breakers those who are quietly and effectively presenting their claims for reasonable consideration.

The Passing of Mrs. Pankhurst

No unprejudiced supporter of the movement for the enfranchisement of women can condone the recent excesses of the militants in England. The united efforts of the bitterest opponents of the cause could not have done more to discredit it than has been achieved by Mrs. Pankhurst and her army of fanatics. A few more months of such militancy, and Votes for Women can be relegated to the category of lost causes, so far as England and the present generation are concerned.

There has been altogether too much foolish childishness in connection with the movement in recent years. There has been

courage also, of course; endurance, resource, extraordinary devotion. No one will undervalue the resolution and heroism that have been displayed. But few religious or social movements in the world's history have lacked such lavish devotion, which is as often identified with ignorance and fanaticism as with high ideals and intelligent action. The courage of fanaticism is precisely what the world does not now want. It is outgrowing its littleness; is insisting more and more upon the reasoned view, the power of right, the stupidity of the force-theory. And the women, awakened from their long sleep, could have given such an impetus to the new WILL-TO-REASON of humanity, that it would have been irresistible. Instead, they have gone back, if they are content to be judged by their more clamant representatives.

But it is wrong to confuse the rational suffragists throughout the world with the reactionary English militants. The women themselves, however, must make the separation clear by publicly rejecting the counsels and methods of the violence-mongers, before the movement is fatally associated with intolerance and hysteria. Mrs. Pankhurst and her subordinates have been strangely over-rated, even from the point of view of mere advertising. They have brought no inspiration to their cause, have contributed no large conception to modern thought. They have merely conducted a class-war, with all the pettiness and provincialism of other leaders of class-wars. They have appealed to prejudice, not to reason; and have been astonished to find that prejudice responded to the appeal. In the place of discussion, we have recrimination. Instead of reasoned statements, there are illogical, formless outbursts. The crowning stupidity is the invention of the "sex-antagonism" parrot cry which the more stupid women find pleasure, instead of shame, in repeating.

It would seem, from the attitude of some of the revolutionists, that there has been throughout the ages a massive wall of masculinity, shutting out women from the enjoyment of all the pleasures and duties that make life worth living. We read and hear of man-made law; man's inhumanity to woman; man's selfishness and cupidity and criminality. If one may judge from the general tone of the articles that come into an editor's hands,

man has spent the greater part of his time during twenty centuries in plotting to deprive woman of her manifest rights; in heaping indignities upon her; in subtly protecting his special penchant for lust and outrage, while denying to woman, not merely license, but the rudiments of liberty. Indeed, man has apparently been entirely indefensible, while woman has been grievously defenceless. The wildest absurdities are credited, and put forward in all good faith—and altogether unreasoned argument—as the basis for general and specific accusations. For instance, some eccentricity of criminal law has gone the rounds, gathering portentousness by the way, until a certain section of the public believes that the law of England deliberately assigns a week's imprisonment as the punishment for the rape of a girl of seven by an old man of seventy.

If this attitude of accepting without inquiry or elementary review the crudest assertions of mere propaganda-manufacturers is to be accepted as typical of the new movement; if "sex-antagonism" is to be insisted upon until it becomes a reality; if every point of difference is to be magnified, and every point of agreement ignored; if humor and courtesy are to be forsaken, and distrust and virulence adopted as the distinguishing marks of political life; if blatant rudeness, calumny and vilification are to be directed continually against public men of integrity and fine aims; then the sooner the movement becomes completely stationary, and is provided with a suitable epitaph, the better.

In the meantime, according to Mrs. Pankhurst's gospel, men are to be "intimidated" by the women. In other words, the militants admit that they can find in support of their cause no arguments capable of influencing the fairly intelligent and well-meaning men who constitute the great bulk of the controlling classes of the world. Is it, then, a cause abandoned in reality by the women themselves, as incapable of reasonable advocacy, that is to be thrust upon men by force of smashed windows, burnt pavilions, devastated golf-links, destroyed letters and blown-up buildings?

Surely it is time for the passing of Mrs. Pankhurst and the obliteration, so far as possible, of her unhappy record. Her courage may be remembered gratefully; her high aims acknow-

ledged. But she is a mediævalist; out of touch with the modern world, out of touch with modern methods. She has done little good, and the gravest harm, to the suffragist cause, so that it is identified in the minds of vast masses of the people with indecency and outrage, with narrowness, intolerance, and the perpetual threat of "war."

In the background, behind Mrs. Pankhurst with her fire-works and personal notoriety, have been the real armies of the women: fighting with fair weapons; trying to overcome prejudice with courtesy and reasoned discussion. From a false sense of loyalty, they have been unwilling to disown the mountebank element—recognizing, through all the foolishness and little-mindedness, the devotion and fine purpose. But an army is conscious of no disloyalty—though it may feel regret at the necessity—when a courageous but incompetent general is retired. A great cause must be greater than any personalities.

There has been much reference to the "sixty years of constitutional agitation" that preceded the militant dementia. The true leaders of the women know the nature of that constitutional agitation; how, in the face of the accumulated sentiment of centuries, women, not yet sure of themselves, unfamiliar with the atmosphere and exigencies of public life, felt their way, through mistakes, often through incompetence, always through opposition and ridicule, to self-confidence, the mastery of conditions, the sense of power. They realized that the prejudice inherited, not merely by the huge majority of men, but also by the majority of women, could not be broken down cataclysmically, without patience, preparation, persistence. And if at last, wearied of a too-long struggle, they adopted or acquiesced in militant tactics as they were first conceived, who will blame them? It is not the inception of militancy that must be utterly condemned; but its stupid, futile extension, without necessity or excuse; when it can arouse only antagonism, misunderstanding, contempt. Able and resolute constitutional methods can now win what militancy is obviously driving further away.

For whatever men and women have been in the past, men and women together—not men alone—must accept responsibility. Though there have always been women—like Gertrude in

Milestones—who were in advance of their generation, the majority of women, with the majority of men, were in agreement with the social order of their time. It is the fashion now to sneer at any suggestion that women—mothers and wives and moulders of men—could ever have influenced the conditions of their life, without the “vote.” The absurdity need not be elaborated. Is it because they have or have not a vote that Theodore Roosevelt, Jane Addams, John Smith and Mary Brown have influenced the thought and the destiny of their country or their village? It is because of their personal contribution to public opinion, progress, worth-whileness.

But what is the use of raking among the ashes of the past for smouldering embers that may be fanned into a flame of hatred? Admittedly, men have been stupid and selfish. The world has moved on. Even the habits of a decade ago, a year ago, are outmoded. Yesterday, only the vicious could allude to the fundamental facts of life. To-day, mothers teach their children in the nursery. What do we care for the prejudices and stupidities of last year? Twelve months have gone by, twelve or twelve thousand men and women have been added to those who realize that they are living in the twentieth century. Let the dead bury their dead.

Whatever may have been wrong or right in the past; whatever may have seemed necessary or unnecessary, justifiable or intolerable; there can be no doubt about the present. Reason, not force; brotherhood, not selfishness; internationalism, not provincialism—these are the essential and quickening ideas. But Mrs. Pankhurst has been so busy that she has forgotten to grow up. She walks in paths littered with broken glass, and calls upon the world to follow her.

Yes, it is time for the passing of Mrs. Pankhurst. If the true leaders of the movement will assume control—as they should have done long ago—they may repair the ravages of the militants. If Mrs. Pankhurst be permitted to remain as dictator, the outcome is already assured. No man of the old type will yield to threats what he would not yield to persuasion. No man of the new type will yield anything at all to intimidation. If a cause cannot justify itself by reason, let it die. It has no place in the world to-day.

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JAMES BOYLE came to this country in his boyhood, and at the age of sixteen commenced his connection with the press. After wide experience here and in Canada, including fourteen years as assistant editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, he acted as Mr. McKinley's private secretary during both terms as Governor of Ohio, and as his non-official confidential secretary at the White House. Subsequently, he went to England and was for eight years American Consul at Liverpool. He has written a good deal on political and economic subjects, especially on the problems of socialism and social development.

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EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY was born in 1892. *Renascence*, her contribution to *The Lyric Year*, excited general interest and appreciation. It was specially referred to in the article on *The Lyric Year* in the January number of THE FORUM.

CHARLES VALE has frequently contributed to THE FORUM.

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